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Reviews of the New Children's Books

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Relief by Dole, or Relief by Work?

UNEMPLOYMENT AND RELIEF. By Robert G. Elbert. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $1.

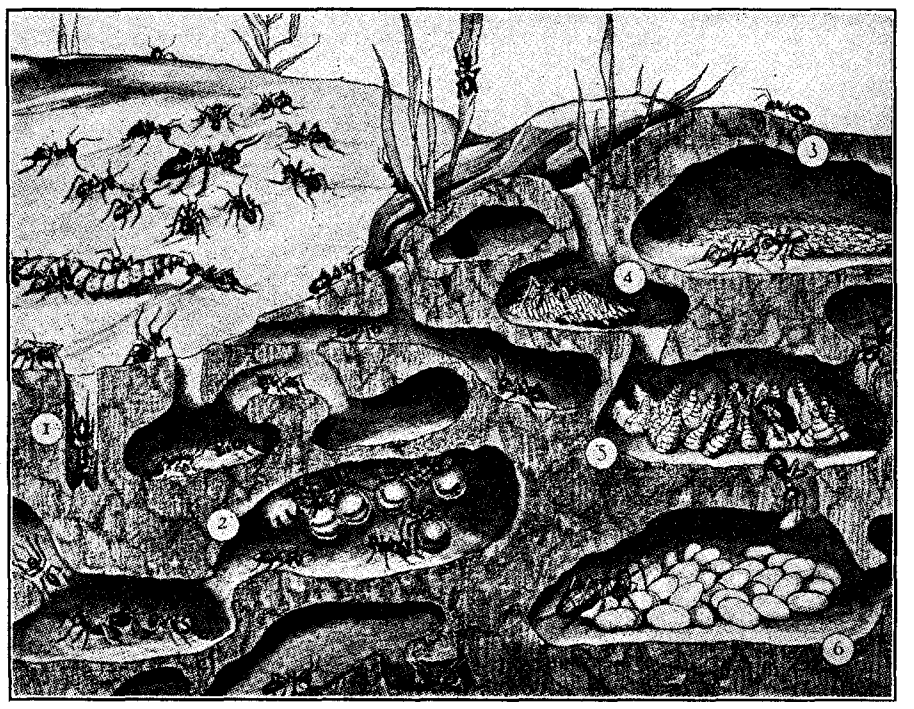
Reviewed by ERNEST G. DRAPER

EVERYBODY now seems to be in favor of some type of unemployment insurance. The air is filled with plans, investigations, and committees to bring about its adoption. This is a strange conversion. For more than twenty years the idea of unemployment reserves has been bitterly fought by organized labor and industry alike. One of the ironic benefits of this depression is to throw into high relief the inept remarks of public and private leaders of the past who, like Mr. Hoover, thundered against the moral iniquity of what they liked to term "the dole." Nowadays the discussion is assuming a more dispassionate tone. Colonel Elbert, the author of this volume, and a prominent business man, bears witness to this new attitude in his preface when he says: "You cannot solve any economic problem—indeed, you cannot even state it correctly—if you get it entangled with preconceived theories or with prejudices for or against anybody or anything."

No one can accuse Colonel Elbert of a lack of directness in his approach to the problem. He attacks his subject as an engineer would blueprint a building. Relying greatly upon English experience (an attitude which, as we shall see later, has its drawbacks), he proceeds to develop a scheme of unemployment insurance and relief which will cover in one form or another most of the wage earners of the country. This system is to have for its chief authority a Federal Relief Supervisory Council. Subordinate to it are to be: 1. A National Contributory Employment Assurance Council—to direct the unemployment insurance system proper; 2, A National Public Relief Administration—to superintend Federal relief measures in case unemployment reserve funds, in a prolonged depression, become exhausted; 3, A National Training Center Administration—to direct training centers for unemployed men and women in which they may be prepared for new occupations; and 4, A National Public Works Administration—to provide employment in slack times for large groups of workers on public projects.

In its blueprint form this plan of attack seems admirable. It is treating the disease of unemployment with the seriousness and comprehensiveness which this evil deserves. One wonders, though, if, as a first plan, it is not almost too complete. Will not all the intricacies of actual operation change this carefully worked out blueprint into a mass of undreamed of situations and injustices? If, for some good purpose, we desired to change the borough of Manhattan from an oblong to a square, we could probably do so. But think of the mess of tearing down and building up that would result. It might be that the disease would be preferable to the cure. The essential difficulty with Colonel Elbert's plan is, I think, that he makes it, by one stroke of the pen, apply in every detail to every state of the Union. This procedure has two serious defects. First, it is probably unconstitutional. Secondly, there would be no opportunity for separate

(*Continued on page* 290)



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BUSY ANT COMMUNITY

The queen is above ground, surrounded by guards. (1) *An ant digging a passage;* (2) *honey ants;* (3) *and* (4) *granaries for food;* (5) *the queen's larvæ;* (6) *eggs. From "Britannica Junior."*

Children Want Facts*

BY LEONARD BACON

THE canning of information in palatable and readily marketable forms has grown to be a major industry, which in due course should be regulated by a code. The bookseller's shelves carry an increasing load of handbooks, of series, and of encyclopaedias. Everywhere one stumbles into shortcuts to Electrodynamics or four-lane roads to Geometry. And Elbert Hubbard scrapbooks bring every cliché in the world to the tips of more tongues than one cares to think about. As in the case of actual canned foods the products tend to be deficient in vitamins, and the introduction of preservatives and artificial flavoring or coloring agents has been unfavorably commented on before now. Accordingly even when an old and reputable firm puts out a new brand it is perhaps appropriate to examine and analyze the article with some care. This children's encyclopaedia consists of twelve volumes, including a Study Guide Volume and a Ready Reference Book.

The idea of making the great Encyclopaedia more accessible to children was certainly a good one. As far as circumstances permit one must regard the undertaking with favor, though it would be interesting to know why the publication now before us should bear the name Britannica. For the book is written from a practically exclusively American standpoint. One is reminded of that eccentric who believed he was Napoleon *and* Moses by different mothers. But this is fooling and we must get on.

Taking things as they come, first of all, format! In hard times expensive enterprises lead in the nature of things to the paring of cheeses. This may explain, but it hardly persuades one to forgive, a venomously blue aniline composition binding lettered in unconvincing silver, laid paper of astounding specific gravity, and a general resemblance to those geographies which early led me to believe in the wisdom of never visiting Naples or Rio de Janeiro. I sympathize a good deal with the disappointment of the child, who with trembling hands unties the ribbon and whips off the tissue paper on the twenty-fifth of next December. "O Knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!"

So much for the outward and visible. For the plan and organization it is possible to say better things. Into the arrangement a good deal of intelligence has entered. Devices are employed which are, so to say, forward-looking. For instance the first volume, not the last, is an index raisonné, to be consulted in all cases *before* looking up special articles. This notion is perfectly sound. The reader, or to take the appropriate tone, the little reader, will at once find his subject (provided he finds it at all) and, along with the irreducible minimum of dates or definitions, suitable references up, down, and across to cognate material. Furthermore at the end of ten volumes of encyclopaedia proper comes a terminal volume devoted to the just manner of employing the work, to the organization and use of libraries in general, to the collection and arrangement of data, etc., etc. All this in the reviewer's opinion is definitely to the good. The systematic use of the work, if and when it is systematically used, will no doubt have an excellent effect on the pure intelligences of little children. Nothing can be objected to the theory. Now for the practice.

Leaving out as too debatable the question of omissions and inclusions, it will be well to examine the work as it actually is. In the first place, and this I consider unfortunate, much of the book is pervaded by that odd adult unctuousness which children know too well and too bitterly. If Socrates is mentioned, an odor of the dead roses of good example is somehow wafted

(*Continued on page* 287)

* *BRITANNICA JUNIOR. New York: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc.* 12 *vols.* $67.50.

Gruesome Crusoe

CASTAWAY. By James Gould Cozzens. New York: Random House. 1934. $1.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. COZZENS'S two previous novels, "S. S. San Pedro" and "The Last Adam" were both notable books. Now, in "Castaway" he has written a sort of combination of a new "Robinson Crusoe" and an out-and-out horror story. It is a short tale presented in most attractive format through the expertness of Robert Josephy by a firm which is making some of the best-looking books now published. This is one of the few publications that the owners of the Modern Library and reprinters of classics have honored by first printing. Mr. Cozzens is, along with Mr. Saroyan, one of the few younger American writers they have selected for special consideration.

This strange little novel indeed deserves special consideration, in that it reveals the sort of imagination possessed by the earlier H. G. Wells, when he was writing such fantasies as "The Island of Doctor Moreau." Mr. Cozzens is no mean artist in prose, and he has original ideas. He works also with admirable economy of means, and with realistic detail that rivets the attention. We are immediately introduced to a certain Mr. Lecky who finds himself locked up in a great department store, apparently on some nefarious business there, and proceeds to explore it. In the whole course of the book he is really the only person involved—and yet we are not quite sure. One of the chief fascinations of the story is the account of how Mr. Lecky entrenches himself in the store and subsists there for some days. "Robinson Crusoe" or "Swiss Family Robinson," such accounts are always enthralling.

So far, so good; and the terror of the meeting with "the creature feeding," and the upshot of all that, creates its own atmosphere of tense horror. Yet I was not satisfied when I set down the book and, in spite of the manifestly superior writing in it, I am not prepared to call it a success. The publishers give one a clue, on the jacket, to Mr. Lecky's situation, in their query, "Is he the only man left alive in all the world?" But the author does not. No

(*Continued on page* 289)

This Week

WOMEN MUST WORK
By RICHARD ALDINGTON
Reviewed by L. Cabot Hearn

THE GREAT WHITE GODS
By EDWARD STUCKEN
Reviewed by Oliver La Farge

PORTRAITS AND PRAYERS
By GERTRUDE STEIN
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

THEY BUILT THE WEST
By GLENN CHESNEY QUIETT
Reviewed by Maurice Crain

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Reviews of Children's Books on pages 286, 287, 292 *and following*

Next Week or Later

THE STRONG SCHOOL OF WOMEN NOVELISTS
By OSBERT SITWELL

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Illustrated Books for Children

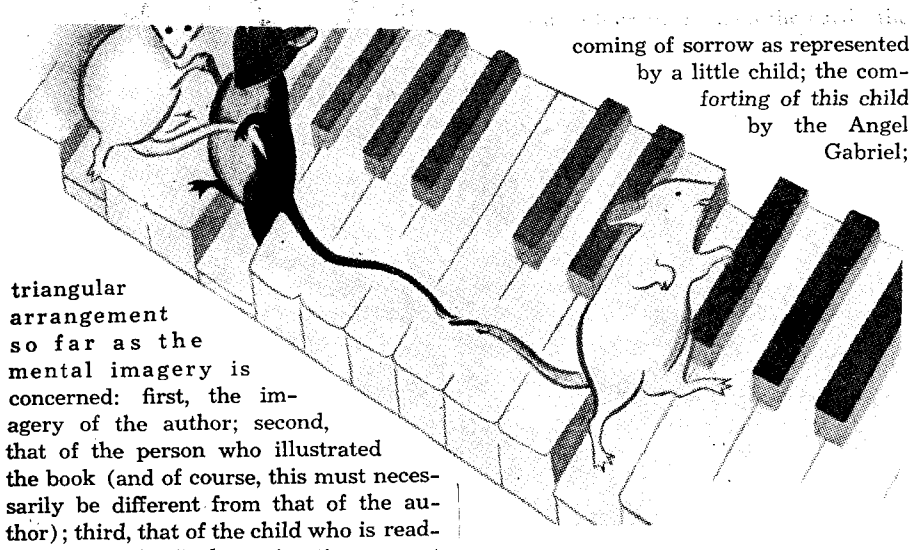
By PEPPINO MANGRAVITE

ILLUSTRATION proper — the art of representing an idea pictorially—is as old as art itself. Its potency as an art was weakened when modern culture applied it to literature, and to children's story books. It may be remembered that not more than twenty-five years ago we did not need a synthetic stimulus in the form of pictorial claptrap to help us enjoy reading. Children were no more imaginative then than they are today. The teaching of reading was slower, more cumbersome than under the present progressive methods; but we learned to read, and grew up with a genuine desire to read. It was not unusual then to read Dante's Divine Comedy at sixteen or seventeen. Would I could write of the living pictures and dramatic compositions which the poetry of Dante evoked in my mind! Those mental pictures were real to me; they had individual character. It was some years later, when I saw for the first time Botticelli's illustrations for the Divine Comedy, that I realized how futile it was to illustrate books. These alien compositions, peopled with strange figures, although drawn in masterly fashion, and in a sense beautiful in themselves, did not correspond with the mental pictures I had formed when I read the work of the great poet. Sometimes I wonder whether it is not due to this experience that Botticelli's work now leaves me cold.

In principle I disapprove of illustrated story books for older children, yet all children seem to like them and younger ones need them. It is when the child reaches the age when reading becomes an enjoyment in itself that the pictorial accompaniment to the text is superfluous, presumptuous, and offensive. Here we have a triangular arrangement so far as the mental imagery is concerned: first, the imagery of the author; second, that of the person who illustrated the book (and of course, this must necessarily be different from that of the author); third, that of the child who is reading the book. Such a situation cannot but be confusing to the child. It may be argued, however, that pictorial representation is used in books to fill the gap existing between the verbal story and the child's undeveloped imaginative power to translate it into visual experience. Here the gap has been created by the story teller himself in failing to understand that in order to gauge the ability of the child to grasp the verbal story he must start with the consciousness that all children, imaginative or not, communicate with the real and unreal world of imagery through a simultaneous reaction of all their senses. Some receive impressions more quickly through their visual sense, others through their auditory sense, and still others through the more indirect senses of touch and smell. Given the conscientiousness of a cautious and intelligent writer, stories for children could be woven around a synthesis of the senses and written in the various degrees of styles befitting the mental capability of different ages.

The child's desire to look at pictures can be satisfied by confronting him directly with great paintings, or picture books of fine drawings and paintings—fine reproductions of works of art arranged in book form without verbal description. Good taste, like good manners, begins at home. With this maxim put into practice, no outside influence, schools excepted, will leave upon the child the taint of bad taste which begins with bad illustrations and ends with the prettified magazine cover. Training the child to cultivate good taste in art by "progressive methods" of "self-expression" will be a pitiful waste of time unless he is trained early in life to discriminate between good and bad taste, for his earnest efforts with crayon and paint will be overwhelmed and annihilated by his constant exposure to the anemic and shallow performances of popularized illustration. The perfect children's book from which to draw a concrete example of the kind of illustration potent to form good taste is hard to find, but fortunately one has just come to hand in "The Little Book About God" (Doubleday, Doran: $1.50), by Lauren Ford. Here is a book conceived by a distinguished American artist, who since her own childhood has dedicated her creative powers to the pictorial expression of child life. Aside from her unusual position as a painter, she is to America what Boutet de Monvel is to France. She has, I think, one important advantage over the great French artist; she understands what effect words and pictures, separately or combined, have on children.

> Once upon a time [she writes] the whole world was called B. C. and now it is called A. D. and this is a story to tell you why and how and all about it. Now long, long ago God was up in Heaven and He said: "It is time to begin making the earth"; so He did. It was all plain earth, and He said "That isn't very interesting." So He began to make a pattern on it with seas and rivers and hills and north poles and every sort of thing that doesn't grow any bigger. Then He put trees and buttercups on, and grass and pussywillows, and all the growing things that have their feet inside the ground. "There," He said, "that looks very much better. But I should like so much to see some things that can move



FROM "THREE JAPANESE MICE"

coming of sorrow as represented by a little child; the comforting of this child by the Angel Gabriel; the birth of the Saviour, and the "First Christmas of all."

The rare beauty of this book lies not alone in the story. Throughout its pages there is a wealth of pictorial material, glowing in color and delicate in execution. Exquisite little paintings these are—visual fragments of known and unknown things, serving a double purpose: as decorations to enrich the appearance of the page and as pictures to shape in the mind of the child things unknown to him. The illustrations in this book are not substitutes for text. They justify themselves as auxiliaries. For in her book Lauren Ford brings to the fore an ancient idea and gives it new form and new life by integrating it with more familiar surroundings. Text alone could not have accomplished this without boring the child with too descriptive a style.

Those who are not acquainted with the rare charm and beauty of Lauren Ford's work have not yet experienced the enchantment of childhood. The path to that enchantment stems from her genius and leads through "The Little Book About God."

From among a batch of recent illustrated books I have selected, in addition to Miss Ford's, others which seemed to me most meritorious.

FROM "THE TRAVELS OF BABAR."

The publishers of Jean de Brunhoff's "The Travels of Babar" (Smith & Haas: $3) must be congratulated on their discrimination and good taste. Through them "Le Voyage de Babar," which has been popular with French children, can now be obtained with the English text. Apparently the original plates were used for the American edition, for the color reproductions are identical with the French ones. In this book the illustrations are not incidental to the text; on the contrary, the book could almost do without the verbal story, the pictures are so literal and their sequence so continuous and consistent. From the first picture to the last, the adventures of Babar and Celeste, king and queen of the elephants, can be followed with surprising clarity of understanding. The drawings are delightful. Monsieur de Brunhoff executed them with sensitiveness and understanding of what delights children. There is an appealing charm about them, a joyfulness known only to creative artists and a songful naiveté possessed only by children. The color in these pictures, in its tones and fine

The book has one unfortunate feature: the text is in script, which makes extremely difficult reading for a seven or even an eight-year-old child—besides, it is smaller than the French edition.

Another meritorious book is "Three Japanese Mice" (Farrar & Rinehart: $1.50) which from cover to cover looks as if it had just been released by a Japanese publishing house. Illustrations, printing, and general layout have the delicate Oriental quality of a Japanese print. The authors, Lois Lignell and Betz Princehorn, drew the inspiration for their story from a painting of three whiskerless little mice made by the great Japanese artist, Korin, almost three hundred years ago. It is the tale of their merry quest for whiskers, charmingly written, and easy for a young child to read and understand. Most of its charm lies in its unpretentiousness and in the simplicity of the color drawings. But the book has more—it has originality.

An appealing book with a human story told with feeling, is "Yossele's Holiday" (Doubleday, Doran: $1.75), by Sonia Mazer. This is the story of a Jewish family in a Russian village of bygone days. It is woven around an episode in Hebrew history related in the Apocrypha,—the dramatic encounter between the armies of Judas Maccabees and the heathen enemy, in celebration of which the victorious Jews created the holiday, Hanukkah, the Feast of Lights. The whole story is told with reverence for the religious tradition of a great people. It has its pathos and its wistfulness and is full of the home-loving, peace-loving qualities characteristic of the Jewish race. The book is generously illustrated with full-page black-and-white pictures from woodcuts executed by the author. They have charm and a fine quality of straightforwardness of execution and conception, but they might have had a more logical reason for their being had Miss Mazer been more accurate in the drawing of subject matter,—such as costumes, architecture, symbolical objects, etc. These are vague and undecided, and in consequence cannot appeal strongly to children. As pictures her woodcuts certainly have merit and hold their place; but as illustrations they do not measure up to the vivid and genuine story.

The merit of "Midget and Bridget" (Macmillan: $2), by Berta and Elmer Hader, lies in the story and its narration. It is all about two lovable burros, from their experiences in the Western plains and their separation, to their meeting in a private stable in a New York suburb. The story is alive with human interest, and is told with the simplicity natural to those who know the habits and peculiarities of animals. It draws no moral and is devoid of sentimental blurb. People are frequently brought into the story—they are natural and real, human and inhuman, and they are there, one feels (not disapprovingly), to bring out the lovable qualities of the two burros. The illustrations in the book are ordinary. All that is dignified and original in the story is lacking in the pictures.

A pleasing story with pleasing drawings accompanying it is "Bounce and the Bunnies" (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2), by Ruth Carroll. This tale of an awkward but well meaning puppy, who ran away from home and went to live with a family of rabbits, will delight young children. It is a pity that half of the charm of the drawings is destroyed by the incidental color patches which are thrown in. Really, there is no excuse for this sort of histrionics. The rawness and harshness of these color patches make the sensitive drawings look as if they had been cut out of their original background. Fortunately a few of these were left intact. They are enough to exculpate the author-artist, and show her to be a delineator of animals of unusual ability. Miss Carroll's style is realistic. Hers is that type of realism which combines creative imagination with common sense. Miss Carroll knows how to give characters to the animals she draws. She can instil humor into them and also create poses and moods often unnatural to the animal but convincing to the spectator.

off in search of adventure. It begins in a mood of play familiar to children. This method of imaginary traveling in historical faraway lands is a worn-out romantic experience. No doubt it has great allure for children, but personally, I feel that it always leaves in them a mood of false nostalgia. The publishers of this book point out that "to the Petershams the search for beauty is the important thing in travel." That is a worthwhile thing to look for, and a noble idea to instil in children. Its lasting effect depends, however, on the point of departure. Certainly, beauty can always be found on the old beaten paths in foreign lands, yet for the American child who "comes from Missouri" that kind of search for beauty strikes him as "sort of fishy."

The illustrations in this book are a combination of affected realism, idealism, and visual platitudes.

Children from the age of seven and up will love "Crazy Quilt" (Scribners: $2), by Paul Brown, which will bring to them in clear and magnified forms the performances and tricks of horses and other animals in circuses—actions which, owing to their subtlety and speed, often escape the

FROM "THE LITTLE BOOK ABOUT GOD."

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eye. Mr. Brown has written a delightful story. The black and white pen and ink sketches illustrating the activities related in the book are characteristic of the author's technique in that medium. There is a straightforwardness and assurance about these drawings worthy of children's admiration, but strangely enough, if one looks at them for a very long time they are apt to make one dizzy. This peculiar effect is caused partly by the bizarre spotting on the horses, and partly by the staccato technique of the artist, which he employs with no apparent attention to the harmonious distribution of lights and darks in related forms.

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Peppino Mangravite is instructor in art at the Ethical Culture School.

Children Want Facts

(*Continued from first page*)

to us. Morality's heavy head is ready to shake over every episode of history, over every position of philosophy. On many a page one finds depressing evidence of that strange mental process (one can hardly call it thought) whose fundamental assumption is that lack of experience is the same thing as lack of intelligence, that strange mental process which leads with all the pomp of syllogistic triumph to conclusions which the dullest child has perceived at one lightning glance. Active - minded children automatically reject what is presented to them in a manner which is a constructive insult to their intelligence. To feel that the stuff served up to them has been prettified, moralized, and emasculated is more than they can bear and a great deal more than sufficient to nourish in them contempt for what would otherwise excite admiration and curiosity. A child's intuition is hatefully penetrating and with difficulty deceived. He knows perfectly well when something has been diluted for his benefit. And as far as he is concerned the end-result is the narcotizing of a curiosity which no longer requires to be satisfied. In his natural state the fundamental fact about him is his burning desire to enlarge his acquaintance with reality. And even that fantasy-life which is supposed to be his peculiar possession (though it isn't) and about which adults are apt to rhapsodize a bit drunkenly, is in part at least his attempt to taste mightily of a cup which the world is in a conspiracy to keep from him.

"THANK UNCLE MARTIN FOR THE NICE 'CHILD'S HISTORY OF ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.'"

In fact the necessarily ineffective effort to protect the child from the more virulent forms of truth explains in large measure, as Chesterton might say, the major difficulty of getting him interested in the truth at all. Aware that his legitimate inquiries have been fobbed off and sidestepped, he becomes a skeptic and a pococurante. Who wouldn't? He asks about the Arctic Regions. He wants something with the bark on. He gets a watery history about Jack and Ellen who dared the terrors of the great white bear. He asks about Shakespeare, and they give him the synopsis of a novella by Bandello. Whereas who, if not the child, is qualified to taste music and sonority? I knew "Full fathom five" was beauty distilled before I was breached, thank God! And I have heard a keen child define a good book as one whose background was of such a nature as to set you making stories for yourself. The answer is clear. What the child wants and requires is fact, fact symbolic perhaps, but fact anyhow, from which he can infer and create. Naturally he wants his fact vividly presented, but he hates sugar-coating and propaganda as heartily as any adult.

After which expression of principle it will be proper to consider other aspects of "Britannica Junior." The reviewer, who is a remorseless and thorough-going expert on the universe, among other pages has ruffled those of the articles on Alexander, Caesar, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Isaac Newton, Darwin, Einstein, Washington, Lincoln, Philosophy, Poetry, Painting, Music, Psychology, Evolution, Algebra, Gravitation, Organic Chemistry, Electricity, and last, and most appropriately, Mental Diseases. Perfectly equipped as he is to pick his way through this slough of detail, he prefers to remain on the relatively safe upland of generalization. The articles which cover subjects historical, artistic, literary, or philosophical in nature, are on the whole less effective and convincing than those of a scientific tendency. With notable exceptions, as for instance a brief, informing, and moving account of George Washington, much of the work in non-scientific fields is rather second rate rehashing of the hackneyed and even of the inaccurate. Ten minutes with the "Cambridge Ancient History" would have scotched the age-old lie about the enormous armies of the Persians in the wars of Alexander. The naked truth is sufficient with respect to the Macedonian. Aristotle is properly praised for his systematic treatment of the sciences. But I seem to have missed, whether in the article devoted to him or the more general essay on philosophy, any mention of the fact that, through no fault of Aristotle's, the too religious belief in his infallibility became in time a hindrance to thought. Dante is headlined (the headlining in this work suggests base aspects of the press) as one of the world's greatest lovers. I submit that this is a poor way to appeal to misogynists and vestals between five and fourteen. On the other hand the articles on Shakespeare and Poetry are written with comprehension of the subject and sympathy for inexperienced readers.

Emphatically, the best part of the work is the scientific. The writer on Evolution, it is true, has done his best to amputate the more alarming corollaries of a vexed question. But that can be forgiven in a land where a teacher can be dismissed for unorthodox tendencies. And one should not cavil too much. The editors are definitely to be congratulated with respect to such articles as those on Psychology, Algebra, and Gravitation. The explanation of negative quantities in the article Algebra is the fine flower of how to do it. And though here and there slips occur, as when the writer on Gravitation takes his pen quickly and sets down diameter when he means radius, he shall be held harmless as for me.

In other words those articles which have not been contaminated by the formless prejudices of the Normal School or by the Great American Urge to Uplift, which deal with first principles and have been kept factual and lucid, are, naturally, remarkably good. The others are pretty much what might have been expected, which is a pity.

This work, which will no doubt prove useful, is perhaps best regarded as a sort of preliminary sketch of what it was intended to be. When a new edition comes forth, I hope there will be less simpering at art and literature, less pointing the moral not too judiciously derived from heroisms of act and thought, in short less effort to cloud with unnecessary banality the horizons of small but individual persons, who, if left alone with a few salient facts, do a surprising amount of thinking for themselves.

Writers for Children

THE JUNIOR BOOK OF AUTHORS. Edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft. New York: The H. W. Wilson Company. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THE editorial offices of literary journals which know how indispensable to their operations "Living Authors" and "Authors Today and Yesterday" are, will rejoice in this volume which assembles biographical sketches of writers for children. It is not for them, however, that the book is designed but for the youngsters themselves, and not merely as a reference book but as a compendium into which they can dip at any time for entertaining and informative reading. Here, indeed, are the great and loved of the juvenile world, authors and illustrators of the present and those who are gone, with pictures where it has been possible to secure them, and with comment by the editors to supplement the autobiographical material where that is used and seems inadequate. From Lewis Carroll and Louisa Alcott to the writers of the day the roll is well chosen and full, and in the main the sketches are vivacious and bulging with interesting fact. Since the greater number of articles included are written by the subjects themselves the accuracy of the work is beyond dispute, and, since by the nature of the case they are by accomplished writers, they are notably fluent and graceful in manner. In the biographies of authors who are dead there is less uniformity of quality. Some, like those of Jacob Abbott, Joel Chandler Harris, and Tenniel are exceedingly well presented; others, as, for instance, those of Dickens and Mary Mapes Dodge, are less successful. In cases where the authors included have not written specifically for children, reference is made to the sketches appearing in "Living Authors" and "Authors Today and Yesterday" instead of fresh notices being supplied. Considering the fact that "The Junior Book of Authors" is designed to meet the needs of a group of readers ranging in age from seven to seventeen, the editors have managed on the whole successfully to steer clear of that curse of books for the young—writing down to a juvenile public. The introduction smacks a little of condescension, and occasional articles assume a consciously simple manner, but in the main the style of the book is dignified and adult. It is, indeed, an outstandingly good piece of work.

As a final touch to an excellent volume, the editors have added the charming "Children's Almanac of Books and Holidays," compiled by Helen Dean Fish. We hope the next edition will drop the "h" from the Sara of Sara Teasdale's name, and we thank heaven that Ralph Henry Barbour has at last been revealed as not a syndicate but a man. As for the pictures, they have been assembled with the greatest care, and the editors are to be congratulated not only on the type of photographs and drawings they have secured, but also on the fact that practically no biography lacks its accompanying illustration.

Dilly-Dally, Willy-Nilly

By WINIFRED WELLES

DREAMILY humming, Dilly-Dally
Daintily dances from tree to tree,
Pointing her slipper and bending her knee.
In necklace of turquoise, in frock of pink challis,
Pensively, gravely, from hillside to valley,
With curtsies for toadstools, a bow for each lily,
All by herself, wanders Dilly-Dally.
Turning and teetering, Willy-Nilly
Prances on ashpiles in vacant lots,
Kicks red geraniums out of brown pots.
Jigging bow-legged, so saucy, so silly,
Hopping and skipping and whistling shrilly,
Airily, gaily, from doorstep to alley,
All by himself bounces Willy-Nilly.

A Filly's First Year

JINNY: THE STORY OF A FILLY. Illustrated with photographs by Bert Clark Thayer. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

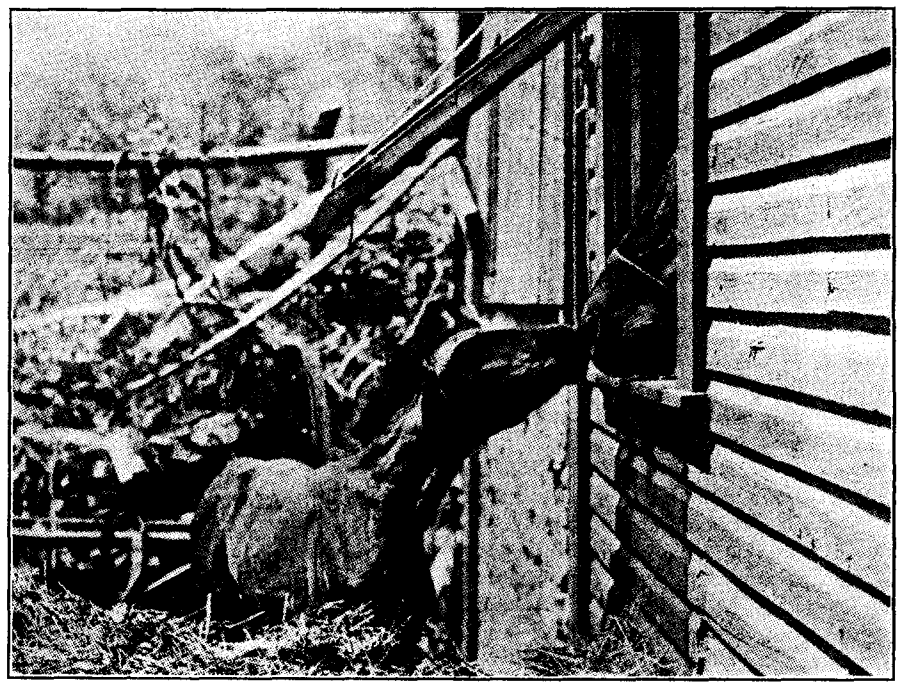
Reviewed by ROBERT DISRAELI

THIS is a pictorial story of a horse from the third day of her birth until she is one year old. At first Jinny is small and ungainly, although a delicate looking thing, whose barrel-shaped body sits unsteadily upon awkward legs. We see her growing taller, her body filling out, and her legs becoming firm and steady. Romping through the pasture with her mother's tail in her mouth, inspecting all the inanimate objects of the barnyard, and getting her first taste of hay, leaves, and flowers, occupy Jinny's first summer. In the fall she is given her first lessons of correct horse behavior. She is taught to hold up her head, to walk correctly, and to bear a halter and a saddle. We see her first experience with snow. Spring comes again and Jinny, now a fine looking yearling, completes her first season of life.

This book contains some of the best horse pictures that we have ever seen. In a number of the photographs the texture of the hide and hair of the horse is beautifully pictured. In others the movements of the horse are so clearly shown that one seems to participate in them. There is somewhat too much fuzziness in a few photographs and some could be improved in composition. Realizing the difficulties under which a photographer often works, especially with animals, we believe this to be one of the best picture books that has yet been produced. It is a delightful book for both young and old. Children will find pleasure in the pictures and understanding of the simple text that accompanies each photograph.

* *

Robert Disraeli is a photographer much of whose work has appeared in The Saturday Review.



FROM "JINNY: THE STORY OF A FILLY"

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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"Juveniles"

We have never particularly liked the above designation as applied to modern children's books, but it is market-parlance. The danger lurking in it is that most people believe that, if they only had the time, they could turn to and "toss off" an excellent book for children; in that juvenility seems to indicate something sweet and simple or, if you come right down to it, something essentially bogus. And yet children are the harshest critics of reading matter with whom we have ever come in contact.

The very sharp and strong limitations of their minds make them unsparing; and we contend that they are neither sweet nor simple. Perhaps Richard Hughes, in "High Wind in Jamaica," got nearest to the truly horrible callousness of most children. Oh we know we love them! This particular editorial "We" has been a parent too. And they often look perfectly lovely when they are asleep. But awake, they are an enslaved race, and consequently always plotting revolution. If we impose books upon them as something they have to read, or authors upon them who "write down" to them, they are immediately filled with bile or unholy glee. They are also unaccountable. They will cherish some obviously poorly written and palpably trashy volume for years in the secrecy of their breasts because of some particular brain-cell it awakened to life. We recall the case of a man now eminent in American literature both as poet and prose-writer who, as a child, went into quiet convulsions over the comicality of a slapstick humorist known as "M. Quad;" we remember a stern little girl who would almost weep over the most saccharine dilutions of "good little girl" stories.

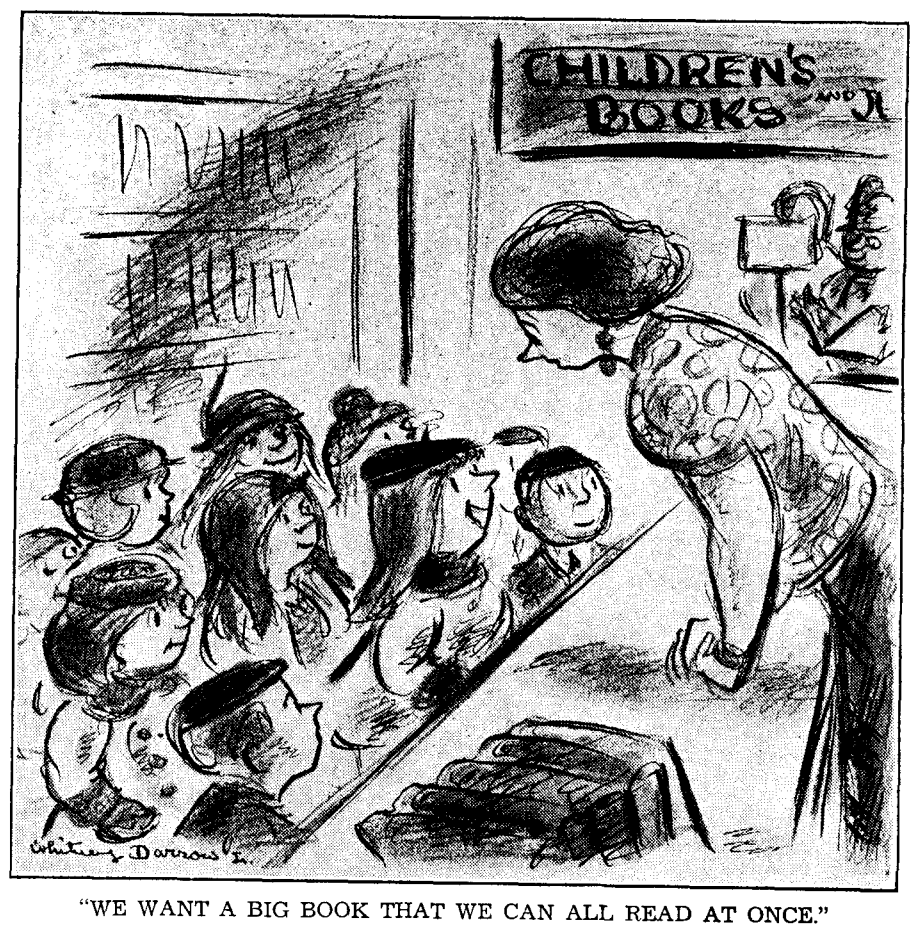
But such books were voluntary choices and discoveries; and the vagaries of childhood. We ourself could once read "Old and Young King Brady" and "Treasure Island" with the same absorption.

It is weird and wonderful, what we have all swallowed as children in the way of reading; sometimes it induces almost the same nausea as the remembrance of the extraordinary kinds of cheap candy we devoured in youth. And we didn't much care who wrote what. But most of the books that have become—though don't let the children hear you say so!——"children's classics," are examples of the best possible work certain particular authors could do; work as arduous, in spite of its delights, as is any writing for adults.

Every once in a while there appears a writer who has never actually severed himself from his childhood as most of us do at a fairly early age. His fancy may still rove most freely in the world of the twelve-year old boy or even further back. Or it may be a woman, in whom persists the mental atmosphere of young girlhood or childhood. Rarely do we encounter the person who can write both for children and for adults, as in the cases of James Matthew Barrie and A. A. Milne. And when most people sit down to write a "juvenile" as a *tour-de-force*, the chances are against them. We are speaking now of creative writing, not of simplifications of history or science for the unfolding mind.

The processes of modern education once evolved a theory that children had supped on horrors too long, and that stories like "Grimm's Fairy Tales" should be banned. But children like to sup on certain horrors; and all of us have precious memories of being badly scared by something we read when quite young. It may be rank heresy, but at an age such as the present writer's we wouldn't take a good deal for such memories. Now, today, there is a movement to feed the child nothing but real facts about our world, and to dismiss myth altogether. Why not have both the myth and the fact and let the child choose? Some children want facts, some children's minds develop best through the symbolism and analogies of myth. We are not advocating letting the child live in an unreal world—but what child really has a chance to do so?

But now we are beginning to get as timid as though a child were looking over our shoulder. Who, after all, can tell what they really will "cotton to"? But O to recapture the terror-stricken delight we once had reading "The Hound of the Baskervilles" in the bath-tub! There was a "juvenile," if you like—and it was written for the dull grown-ups! Or we used to think that's what they were!



"WE WANT A BIG BOOK THAT WE CAN ALL READ AT ONCE."

Letters to the Editor: *Don Marquis Writes on Book Reviewing*

Mr. Marquis's Mystery

SIR:—Writing book reviews is (occasionally) one of the most fascinating games in the journalistic world. I am inclined to the opinion that it is largely a game of chance, like poker or dice; and not a game of skill, like bridge. That is to say, one takes a rapid glance through a book, decides on a few salient points to be noticed, and dashes off his review. If he is lucky enough, if the gods of chance are with him, he will light upon the really important thing about the book, the thing that differentiates it from all other books, and he will write his review around that. But I incline to the belief that it is the way in which they *are* written, even in the best regulated of family weeklies. One reason why I have always admired *The Saturday Review of Literature* is because of its many evidences that the reviewers actually read the books given to them; they play the game as a game of skill, like bridge, not as a game of chance, like poker.

I have a good many book-reviewing sins on my own head, some of which I have been expiating through the years, and some of which I expect to expiate through the years to come. For instance, more than two decades ago, when I was a reporter on the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, the City Editor lent me to the editor of the Book Department one afternoon, to do a little book reviewing. The Book Editor needed about a column and a half of copy and he needed it right away. He handed me five books to review. As I was not going to get any extra pay for this foray into the realm of literary criticism, I naturally wanted to get it done as quickly as possible. I reviewed the five books in one hour by the clock, turning in exactly a column and a half of copy and thereby winning a bet of $2.00 with the City Editor that I could accomplish the feat in that length of time. So you see I did, in a manner of speaking, get paid for the job.

Of course I didn't read any of the books. I read the blurbs on the jackets or dust covers, and I did dip into each book here and there and pick out a telling phrase or two—or at least a phrase which I said was a telling phrase. It is surprising what you can do in five minutes with a book, if your heart is in your work.

I did have the grace to give all five of the books favorable notices; showing that in some well-rounded characters, something resembling conscence may still survive the grind of daily journalism. It would have been easier to make a few smart-alecky wisecracks about each book, and I really risked the loss of my $2.00 bet

A few days ago, I read in *The Saturday Review of Literature* a notice of my new book "Chapters for the Orthodox," which was on the whole, favorable. The reviewer seemed to like the book. Of course there were one or two little things in the review which I didn't particularly care for—but when was any author ever completely and entirely satisfied with any review? There was enough whole hearted praise in it—and praise is what an author writes for, as well as money—to make me feel quite proud and flattered. In fact, I was all flushed-up with self-appreciation when I laid the paper down. I felt that I had accomplished something noble; and I congratulated myself upon having fallen into the hands of a reviewer of sufficient intellectual acumen to appreciate how good the book really is.

Then I had a sudden dash of cold water right down the tingling back of my flushed self-appreciation. I discovered in the review the name of a character who not only does not exist in the chapter to which the reviewer referred, but anywhere in the book. This made me wonder about the nice things that the reviewer had said also. Was he thinking about some other book when he said those nice things? Then sudden recollection flooded in upon me of the time when I had reviewed five books myself in an hour by the clock, thereby winning a bet of $2.00. And I said to myself: "It's the old army game, after all."

I don't blame anybody for it. As a matter of fact, it's astonishing to me that a paper that handles so much comment upon literary produce of one sort or another, can go on, week in and week out for years, getting even the titles of the books correct, and the names of the publishers, let alone the names of all the characters. If I had to review this book myself—I haven't read it since yesterday and have only read it twice since it has been published—I am sure I couldn't get all the names of the characters right myself. I am writing this in no spirit of bitter criticism of your

Incidentally, with regard to this book, "Chapters for the Orthodox," a clergyman to whom my publishers sent the book requesting his opinion on it, sent it right back again after having read the first chapter. . . . The clergyman wrote to the publisher that he found the book irreverent and vulgar. I do not myself think that it is irreverent. But perhaps he is right when he says that it is vulgar. It has been the continuing effort of my life to be as vulgar as possible. I don't mean vulgar in the sense of smutty or dirty; I mean vulgar in the good old traditional usage of the word as common—that is to say, in touch with the great throbbing heart of humanity. . . . Reverence is a matter which is open to different constructions; my conception of what is reverence may not be your conception at all, and we may both be wrong. But with regard to the vulgarity, I would be happy to think there was no doubt; and after striving for a quarter of a century to be vulgar, I should be glad to learn that my efforts finally had been crowned with success.

Yours for vulgarity and reverence,
DON MARQUIS.

New York City.

Mr. Daniels's Solution

SIR:—Mr. Marquis' letter has sent me to the book, which he fears I did not read before, to work out for myself the puzzle of his statement that in my review of his pleasant fantasy, "Chapters for the Orthodox" he discovered "the name of a character who not only does not exist in the chapter to which the reviewer referred, but anywhere in the book." Certain that either Mr. Marquis or I was crazy I chased the characters mentioned in the review down page by page and line by line. I am still a trifle puzzled. I find only one possible solution in one story. I called Mrs. Plantagenet Brown, wife of the anciently disdainful Planty Brown, "Miss Planty." She was christened Elvira. However, I pass over this as an improbable base for the long letter of Mr. Marquis whose book was a plea for charity with human frailty and whose business of making miracles in Manhattan is surely not the old stock trick of metamorphosing molehills into mountains.

Raleigh, N. C. JONATHAN DANIELS.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE JUNIOR BOOK OF AUTHORS. Edited by STANLEY J. KUNITZ and HOWARD HAYCRAFT. *Wilson.* An excellent reference book which also makes good reading.

CASTAWAY. By JAMES GOULD COZZENS. *Random House.* An ingenious fantasy.

ALL AROUND THE TOWN. By HERBERT ASBURY. *Knopf.* Amusing incidents of New York's past.

This Less Recent Book:

THE CONSTANT NYMPH. By MARGARET KENNEDY. *Doubleday, Doran.* The tale of "Sanger's Circus," an unconventional family.

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Mr. Aldington's Modern Heroine

WOMEN MUST WORK. By Richard Aldington. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

I AM sorry not to care much for this latest novel by Richard Aldington, as I have an unusual respect for the man as an artist both in poetry and prose. I have respect also for the bitterness and rage that filled him, chastening itself later into what Rebecca West referred to as his "serene and deadly" satire, when he first discovered himself as a novelist and a writer of short stories. But the present novel simply will not stand up beside Aldington's novels at their best, and except for occasional intrusions of the author into the story—unwarranted so far as construction is concerned, but shrewd and pungent—the narrative is uninspired, sometimes tedious with detail and statements of the obvious, and sometimes, particularly in the speeches of Etta, conveying a flavor almost of Laura Jean Libbey.

Perhaps I should not say that last, as I happen never to have read the immortal works of Laura Jean Libbey, but surely no real woman ever talked as Etta sometimes talks; no real woman that one could bear with for an instant ever was so solemnly didactic, or, on occasion, so excruciatingly melodramatic. Granted Etta's every right to amazement, shock, and horrible disillusionment (though in my opinion she remains to the end both a foolish and a stupid person) what real woman has ever used this language to an electrified lover to whom she has just triumphantly announced that she is "going to have a child," and who in his own amazement has offered to get her out of what he considers a mutual "jam" through "a very good medical man" in Paris, all expenses to be paid by said lover:

> "What!" exclaimed Etta, flinging herself in fury from the bed. "You offer me money, *money*, to destroy my child's life? You think you can bribe me? It's mine, and I shan't and can't destroy it! You cad, you miserable cad!"

There is no question of principle here. In my opinion, which may be too emancipated—but they order these things better in Russia—Etta had every right to elect to have her child and every right to tell her lover to go to the devil; but what

DRAWING BY BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF
From the jacket of "Women Must Work."

actual human being of more intellect than a moron talks like that in real life?

Yet, sadly enough, Etta had been seduced by her lover with such honeyed words as the following:

> "Oh, you mustn't exile yourself," said Francis quickly. "The modern woman, especially when highly sensitive and beautiful, needs the grace, the luxury of city life. I can't imagine you in tweeds, or even stroking a syllabub, as dear old Walton says."

Perhaps it was such utterly unreal talk, that wouldn't fool an ostrich, to the lack of which the much-quoted chorus-girl in the taxi-cab referred when she turned on her eager companion with the remark, "What, no build-up?" But I doubt it. I don't see how Etta could keep from laughing in Francis's face.

Such passages are nadir in the book, but they exist. And another unfortunate feature of this novel is that Mr. Aldington is saying a good many now accepted things in a particularly solemn way; you are conscious of the flogging of dead horses. Mr. Aldington is usually right in his attitude toward the stupidities of civilization; but surely he has covered this ground before; and the story of the young girl on her way to emancipation—a story H. G. Wells originally wrote rather excitingly, and that Sinclair Lewis didn't particularly improve upon in his American version, "Ann Vickers,"—is neither so fresh nor so startling as it used to be. Moreover Etta emerges, after all, as small calibre. There are plenty of such women; but, in order to hold the reader, their stories must be told with some particular force and subtlety of style. Mr. Aldington employs a detailed method that now distinctly "dates." His intelligence appears in flashes throughout the book, but mostly his method is humdrum; and he certainly gives Etta as many "lucky breaks" as ever occur in life to anyone, and then some.

Also I wish to go on record as being on the side of Ralph, who really and truly loved Etta, despite, on one occasion, acting with an obtuseness and brutality induced by war service (and that, incidentally, is sound psychology). She should have had the guts and the sense to take Ralph, as Mr. Aldington knows. But what is he trying to prove? Is he trying to prove that the desire to make a career for themselves in business warps women away from their true happiness? Yet he believes, or seems to believe, firmly in their going in for self-support and independence. One thing toward the end I did like, the showing up of Etta's attitude toward her own child, which after all, in a different way, was the same old parental coercion against which she herself had rebelled.

As I said in the beginning, I respect Mr. Aldington and his former writing too much to be disingenuous in regard to the way this novel affects me. I think he is doing what in golf is known as "pressing." And surely there is no need for that now. Probably his next book will be an ace. I hope so. He has it in him. This one isn't.

Gruesome Crusoe

(*Continued from first page*)

explanation is given by the author for the fact that days elapse and still no one comes to open up the great store. No explanation is given for Mr. Lecky's presence there, no clue to his former life; we are merely shown, as something seen by television, the activities of an all but anonymous character under peculiar circumstances. Undoubtedly this presentation was planned beforehand; but, frankly, I think it leaves too much to the reader's imagination.

Frank Stockton ended his famous story "The Lady or the Tiger?" simply by posing a question. But that is not exactly analogous. There are too many questions about Mr. Lecky and his surroundings left in our minds. The finale is brilliant and yet how can we be certain of the identity of The Idiot? I think that the author was not quite clear in his own mind. I think also that it is a fault that we have no data for regarding Mr. Lecky as other than a man unknown. If one could suddenly spy upon the activities of some total stranger, and follow him, say, through the course of a murder or a suicide, one would experience the thrill of mere observation as we do here, one would watch the operation of fear upon a human being perhaps with absorbing interest, as one does here. But we should want to know more. Mr. Cozzens would probably say that his book is merely a study of terror. Still I think it would have been improved by less operation in a vacuum.

I recognize that Mr. Cozzens has made a brilliant attempt to show how, under the prolonged stress of fear, the imagination of a man might create for itself a series of events as vivid as fact. Or it all may be a panorama induced by the imagination of a man in the article of death. It is an impressive vignette, a vignette that it is quite possible may become classic. Yet—there are all those questions about Mr. Lecky's identity, his time, his place, and what was happening to his actual outer world. They bother me—those questions, and others—and they prevent me from awarding the palm to Mr. Cozzens for his uncanny story.

Mexican Conquest

THE GREAT WHITE GODS. By Edward Stucken. Translated by Frederick H. Martens. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

THE conquest of the civilized nations of the New World by the scarcely more civilized Spaniards forms one of the great chapters of world history. The great swiftness with which nations were overthrown and two great civilizations shattered into fragments for later archæological research, the strange impression that two races made upon one another, the small numbers, courage, faith, and cruelty of the Spaniards, the equal courage with which some nations defended themselves, and their tragic fate, combine to make a period as brief as one

WOODCUT BY H. GLINTENKAMP
From "The Great White Gods."

man's life stand forth along with a few others of sudden, dramatic change such as the French Revolution and Napoleonic Empire.

The very nature of such epic occasions attracts two types of writers; first, the historians and biographers, and second, the "pure" literary men—novelists and poets. A few really good writers have built delightful, sometimes even great, stories around single facts of great events; one thinks of the "Tale of Two Cities." A poetic people, compiling over centuries, can build an Iliad. But in the main, the novels which set out to cover the whole sweep of one of these periods betray the weakness of the secondary craftsman who chooses too juicy, too magnificent material and depends upon his subject to carry his book. This has certainly been the case with every attempt to make a novel of the conquests of Mexico, the Mayas, or Peru. The subject is too big, the characters already too striking and complete; here is every possible material for a great history, but there is nothing for the novelist to do.

The attempt to add to the facts those products of his own brain which make fiction, becomes merely insulting, wooden ginger-bread work stuck onto an already perfect stone monument; or alas, overwhelmed by the greatness of his theme, the writer ploughs through with careful accuracy and too much information, a passable work of history spoiled into a dull novel with jerky characteristics overshadowed by the realities.

In the present instance, the writer sets out, in the terms of the blurb, to write "a thundering novel, fully circumscribing the gigantic epic of the Mexican people" (Mexican here, correctly, referring to the Aztecs). The subtitle calls it an epic. These are too great burdens for any common novelist to assume. Overladen with detailed information, and on top of that, a stilted "sobernal"—extra cargo thrown on top of a pack—of fiction, the story staggers and interest falls by the wayside.

An historical novel, moreover, may fairly be criticized from the point of view of accuracy of major data and atmosphere. The writer must know his people and his period; in dealing with these Indians, book research is not enough, he must have some warm, living grasp of the nature of the race. The Aztec characters in "The Great White Gods" are not Indians. Studded though it appears to be with careful fact, the civilization described is far from the reality. So, in my personal opinion, is the character of Montezuma.

Mr. Stucken writes: "The Indians' psychic life was a black water unillumined by a single ray of light." He carries this attitude through the book, and thereby wipes it out of consideration as history. Errors creep into his statements of fact—which are all too detailed—where he should be on firm ground. Thus Cihuatl-coatl, "Snake Woman,"—the peace-time ruler of Mexico, is translated "Female Twin" despite the fact that the correct meaning and significance of the term is elementary knowledge to any student; the powers of this official, as well as the status and nature of Montezuma's rule, are entirely misunderstood.

The woodcuts by H. Glintenkamp are not particularly successful as illustrations.

If anyone wishes to read about the conquest of Mexico, and to enjoy literature and have a rousing good time while doing so, let him read old Bernal Diaz's "True Story" and follow it with Prescott's great work. None other has superseded these.

Australian Stories

THE END OF A CHILDHOOD. By Henry Handel Richardson. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

IN this book H. H. Richardson has gathered a miscellany of sketches which, one need be not too shrewd to guess, have been composed at one time or another during her writing career. They are not all, that is, from the period of her mastery; indeed the hand of the apprentice is apparent in those in "Part Two." On the evidence presented here it is possible to say that H. H. Richardson began as a romantic heavily influenced by the German writers who wrote grandly of Love and Death and Art, and but slowly won her way to the firmer ground of psychological realism. From the first she was chiefly interested in persons whose psychology is "difficult." Two of the four early stories here presented are about "intellectuals"—a professor and, prophetically, a musician. She carried this interest into her maturity, a maturity which not only freed her from a hobbling point of view and the style which goes with it, but also enabled her really to see and understand the types which interested her most.

A reader coming to her stories for the first time but with some knowledge of the high opinion of "Maurice Guest" and "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony" entertained by the discerning would be hard put to it to make out what the basis of judgment is if the stories in "Part Two" were all the book contained. On the evidence of the sketches in "Part One," however, it would be possible to arrive at a clearer understanding. The title story, "The End of a Childhood," is a continuation of the Mahony trilogy and records the death of Mary Mahony a year after that of her husband, leaving the children, Cuffy and Luce, to the not too tender mercies of friends and relatives. In sixty-eight pages all the qualities that made the trilogy great are visible: the easy mastery of the psychology of the mature and the immature, the ability to adjust the point of view to the person whose thoughts and understanding are being presented, the concreteness of imagery in the style, and the outstanding ability to strike a proper balance between psychological analysis as such and the environmental elements which have influenced or determined the psychology. This sketch is masterly.

So, too, are those short pieces collected under the title "Growing Pains: Sketches of Girlhood." The novel "The Getting of Wisdom" is prior evidence that H. H. Richardson understands young girls and that the simple-complex minds of children are as much within her range as the tangled psychologies of maladjusted adults. She has always had a sharp eye for the physical habiliments of the minds she so keenly analyzes; in the great novels the minds are to the fore; in these sketches the bodies are the center of interest.

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Cheating at Solitaire

PORTRAITS AND PRAYERS. By Gertrude Stein. New York: Random House. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I HAVE never before reviewed a book I have not read. I have always tried to read Gertrude Stein since her earliest publications and I have always failed. I have tried in this book, though not so hard as before, because I anticipated failure. My eye goes on over the smooth rhythms, but my brain ceases to function. I hear but do not comprehend; I apprehend without comprehension; I feel without the registering of thought; I am pleased with sonorous variants upon sound while my rational being coincidentally is first irritated, then outraged, and finally stops all traffic like a dizzy policeman in a tangle of cars pushing everywhere and nowhere on football day. Something childish in me likes the play with words; the adult in me protests against the writing back of language to the primitive or prehuman. Which is probably what Miss Stein wishes me to do, so that I can go on in this review with an easy conscience.

There may be psychological reasons for Miss Stein's avoidance of rational communication which I do not understand and with which I am not concerned. She is an intelligent and charming person who can state interesting ideas in a language which is loose but nevertheless expressive, as the excerpts from her lecture on drama published in this *Review* last week will prove. Also there may be some virtue (like Indian herbs) for professional writers, whose words are constantly going stale on them, in an experience with a style in which words become "sounds and sweet airs which give delight and hurt not." Hermit thrushes challenging each other across a dusky glade make such sounds, but they do not use words.

What is clear to me after many years of beginning to read Gertrude Stein, capped by a hearing of the "Four Saints," and now this book, is that her admirers and critics have been on the wrong track. They have taken her both too seriously, and not seriously enough.

Her ideas have been praised. There are none communicated in any of her creative writings. Her success in imitating personality by suggestive words has been praised. There is no such imitation. The effect is purely subjective, read into the sketch which itself is a very simple (often shrewd) statement, built up and turned over and twisted in and out, until what would have passed as a good remark in conversation becomes (to those who can keep their minds on it) impressive because it seems so difficult. She has been praised for an invigoration of language. She has not invigorated, she has debilitated it, by striking at its essence, what makes it language, by separating denotation from connotation and letting the latter run wild from any definable meaning. She has used only one legitimate rhetorical device, repetition for emphasis. And this she naturally did not invent. It is the method of primitives, or in those writing of primitives, the method of Anita Loos in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," as Wyndham Lewis has said. She uses it in the primitive's manner, but if her art makes it impressive to the over-rationalized, who had forgot that true things must be said twice, her whimsy makes it ridiculous by saying her say not twice but twenty times.

Her art can be summed up in a single sentence. She has a good ear. The subtle possibilities of the sounds of prose she understands. The subtle rhythms of the sounds of speech she hears and records. It was this that made the "Four Saints," whose meaning so far as it had any was given it by composer and producer, good singing and good hearing. The sounds of its prose and verse were excellently handled. It made good libretto, better libretto than anything else, because in most opera no one listens to the libretto anyway.

She has a good ear and artfully contrives sounds in a faraway imitation of music, which can do so much better and more richly what she attempts because it is not hampered by a linguistic medium. Miss Stein is hindered by her unfortunate predilection for words. For words are not only restricted to a limited range of sounds, but also they insist on meaning something. Her art is the sophisticated development of the child's "Tiddledy-diddlety-fiddlety-doo," and she would have been much more truly successful if she also had stuck to nonsense. Once she began to use words as a medium for this primitive art of vocal sound and rhythm, she violated one of those canons of both art and commonsense whose breaking is punished by artistic suicide. The writer may live on in a halo of notoriety, like the man with the copper stomach, but as artist he is dead. For words, whatever else they do, and there is a great deal else they do, must make sense. If they do not make sense they are no longer being used as words. Dung is as beautiful a word as the couplet ding-dong, but it cannot be used for sheer beauty of sound as long as it means dung which is not beautiful. Or rather it can be made beautiful only by lifting dung to beauty, which is not what Miss Stein tries to do at all. Mark Twain had the right idea:

> Punch, brothers, punch with care,
> Punch in the presence of the passenjare

is beautiful, but it is also comic, and he presented it as both. So does not Miss Stein. She plays with her words, pretending they are not words, and you would willingly play with her if she would keep on pretending and asked only that you should listen to the ingenious sounds she makes. But you have to be a little childish to pretend that they say something when it is quite evident that they do not. Or to listen to them as sounds merely when it is evident that they continue to mean what mankind has assigned to them. Anyone can win by cheating at solitaire. And that is what Miss Stein is doing. Anyone with a good ear (not a common possession, and Miss Stein's is excellent) can make enchanting successions of sounds if they do not bother with sense. The difficult thing is to make equally persuasive sounds that do make sense, which is precisely what all great stylists have accomplished.

No, this book is not by any definition literature. It is music of a primitive and rather fascinating kind, vitiated by the drag of meaning.

> Needs be needs be needs be near
> Needs be needs be needs be
> This is where they have their land astray.
>
> Two say.

This is the art of the mockingbird, sounds that mean so little as not to matter.

> What is a fact. A fact is alone and display their zeal.

This is an insult to the civilization that with incredible labor united, however imperfectly, sound and sense. In such a sentence, in order to win her game, whatever it was, she has pretended that her cards are not the clubs and hearts which unmistakably and irrevocably, so long as words are words, they are. She has escaped from sense, and however I admire her admirable ear I will not go with her, having troubles of my own saying all that I wish, but still not prepared to go off the deep end into nonsense in hope that my rhythmic splash will have some meaning.

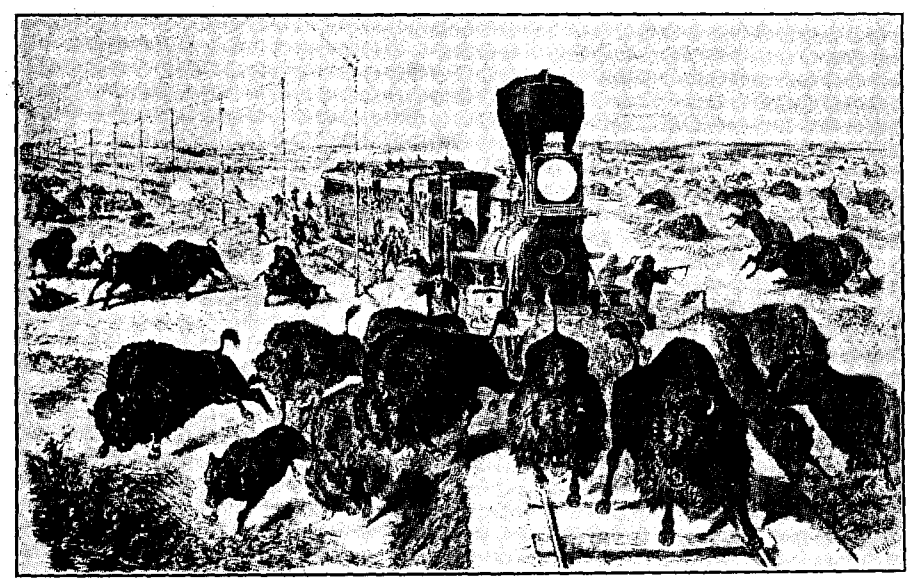
Exploiters of Empire

THEY BUILT THE WEST. By Glenn Chesney Quiett. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by MAURICE CRAIN

WHERE else, in all the history of man, can be found a single generation so replete with glamorous adventure, so rich in inspiring opportunities, so packed with mighty achievement, so crowded with able men, as the incredible years immediately following the Civil War in the history of our own West? That brief and crowded span saw the complete transition from Indians and buffalo to Chambers of Commerce and luncheon clubs. In this zesty volume Mr. Quiett spreads before us, in rich and varied panorama, the headlong sweep of progress across that mighty domain, centering attention always upon the more conspicuous leaders, far-sighted, daring, resolute, often ruthless, builders of railroads and of cities, builders and exploiters of an empire.

Before the Civil War the westward stream of prairie schooners was in full tide, five separate routes for a transcontinental railroad were being pressed by eager partisans, and the rivalry of North and South was beginning to center upon control of the transportation route that would bring with it the rich trade of the West. The war, which determined the



SHOOTING BUFFALOS ON THE LINE OF THE KANSAS PACIFIC
From Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, 1871; *reproduced in "They Built the West."*

route the first line should take, delayed the westward course of progress, damned up the energies of the westward sweeping flood. Promptly at its close began that headlong scramble for rail routes and for subsidies, for land and for town sites, for gold, silver, lumber, and coal, and finally for freight rates and for water, that in the short space of twenty-five years built and peopled the West and largely determined its character. It was an era of reckless exploitation, of rugged individualism gone riot. Mr. Quiett has done well to tell its story in terms of individuals.

What men they were, those empire builders, those rapacious land grabbers, those giants of towering ambition, mighty accomplishment, and insatiable greed! Bold, shrewd, resolute, grasping—ruthless and conscienceless, too, most of them—those Napoleons of rails, mines, and commerce built for themselves first and the rest of the world second. While several of them have been the subjects of individual biographies, this is the first book to present so adequately the whole doughty company, from the pioneer planners, Indian fighters, and builders to the later captains of railroad finance.

The scope of "They Built the West" is so vast and its material so varied as to defy anything like satisfactory treatment in any brief review. It tells the stories of all the leading western railroads in terms of the men who built them, and presents the histories of the chief western cities in terms of their leading promoters. There is material for a score of books in any one of these enterprises, and the stuff of unlimited novels in the horde of prospectors, freighters, town boomers, gamblers, miners, buffalo hunters, lobbyists, land speculators, politicians, pick-swinging Paddies, rice-eating coolies in basket hats, and shrill-voiced faro girls of Hell-on-Wheels at the end of the line who played essential parts in all of them.

Here was a book clamoring to be written, and all who read may be grateful that the writing of it fell to a man so well-balanced and so keenly appreciative of the spirit of the old West. Understanding the character of his empire builders and the age which produced them, he has painted them to the life, without bias of praise or blame. This review of the great age of individualism is timely just now, and should serve a useful purpose. From it we may learn much that is salutary about the wisdom of leaving the conduct of essentially public enterprises to individuals bent solely on private profit.

The general reader will find keen pleasure and a better understanding of his country in these lively pages, and the scholar will find joy in the ample index and bibliography. There are 118 illustrations and three valuable maps.

Relief by Dole

(*Continued from first page*)

states to adopt that type of plan which would most nearly answer their own particular needs. Forty-eight separate laboratories, experimenting within the field of established principles laid down by the Federal government, would undoubtedly bring forth a hodge-podge of different practices. But out of that hodge-podge we might gradually build up a perfected plan that in the end would be far superior to the very excellent, but highly theoretical one, proposed by Colonel Elbert. Such an idea was behind the Wagner-Lewis Bill which failed of passage in the last Congress. It is an idea that should not be discarded without serious thought of the consequences.

Another rather glaring omission in Colonel Elbert's plan is his refusal to believe that a real measure of unemployment can be prevented. In this respect, he follows closely British practice which gives little thought to rewarding the employer who tries to cut down seasonal irregularity by more regular production in his factory. On this point it might be wi[illegible] to Sir William Beveridge, the co-author of the present British Unemployment Insurance Act and the foremost authority on this subject in England. He says:

> While relieving unemployment, it is just as indispensable that we should, at the same time, harness all the motives and forces in society . . . to one great effort to reduce unemployment. A scheme, either of insurance or of relief, which makes leaders of industry—whether employers or trade unionists—careless as to the creation of unemployment is a social danger of the first magnitude.

A final omission in Colonel Elbert's study is any mention of the plan for unemployment reserves recently proposed by the American Association for Labor Legislation. This is a curious omission in that several less intelligent proposals have been included in his volume. In 1930, a committee was formed to draft an Unemployment Reserve Act for state adoption. On this committee were a group of experts and business men, including the Honorable Frances Perkins, Dr. Leo Wolman, Professor Joseph P. Chamberlain and Mr. Morris Leeds. This plan had been in process of draft for more than three years. In its final form it represented and now represents the best informed conclusions of experts working in this field. It is essentially an American plan in that it makes use of foreign experience and mistakes to evolve a more workable method for use in this country. It puts its emphasis upon the prevention as well as the alleviation of unemployment. Surely such a unique and practical proposal deserves attention in any serious discussion of the subject.

Regardless of these omissions, Colonel Elbert is to be congratulated for devoting so much time and effort to a study of this profound evil. He has blazed the way for a type of study to which more business men should devote themselves if industrial leaders are to lead and not to follow in these days of social confusion.

Ernest G. Draper was a member of the old National Labor Board and is now a member of the Business Advisory and Planning Council.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Interpolation

(*Continued*)

Chicago, November.

TWO things bothered me; and so ingrained is my instinct to accept a situation as I find it that it was ten days before I realized it was easy to change. In the big window beside me was a coarse-mesh wire screen which fuzzed and blurred my view of the Lake and the lovely pattern of Grant Park and the Buckingham Fountain. And on the little table was a slippery sheet of glass which made writing difficult. The paper had to be held down with one hand to keep it from sliding, and the coolness of the glass sent a chill into the elbows. Writing is a difficult stint anyhow, and these two trivial impediments slowed me up more than you might suppose. Then it suddenly occurred to me that I could very easily lift the screen out of the window, remove the glass slab from the desk; and I have done so. I even discovered in the incident small parables for my private benefit. Because, after taking out the screen I was eagerly pursued while shaving by a superb mosquito. Even in November and nine stories above the street the mosquitoes of Chicago are still vital. It is a symbol of the vigor of this always amazing city.

This reminds me, irrelevantly, of a sign I saw at the beautiful Shedd Aquarium, where I found many charms and terrors. (No place is ever so frighteningly eloquent of the various fecundity of life.) I was amused by a kind of portly goldfish with large perplexed eyes and wrinkled foreheads, who looked like rich men in distress. And the sign on another tank identified *Catostomus Commersonii,* described as "Common Sucker—Eastern Half of the U. S." But reading the Insull testimony I wondered. . . .

❧ ❧

The simple act of taking the screen out of the window doesn't solve everything. The analogy is not precise: but that is what some literary experiments have always tried to do. I am greatly interested in the lively tohu-bohu caused by Gertrude Stein's arrival in Chicago: she came by airplane and arrived with ears deafened by the motors; consequently she could not hear the questions asked by the interviewers. This was perhaps another instance of excellent shrewdness, for every brooding artist must always be deaf to some kinds of questions. The question that can be hastily and completely answered is not an inquiry but simply conversation. But what amuses me is the excitement among the supposedly most sophisticated people about an attempt to put literature back on the plane of complete childish simplicity. I am not decrying this attempt, which is pleasant enough; simply stating its character. Gertrude Stein has said many interesting things: not least her remark in this *Review* last week that the sentence is not emotional and the paragraph is. This is a vivid way of restating the ancient observation of every schoolboy that you can't translate anything justly without knowing the context. But what disturbs me is the general flavor of roasted peanuts about the current Stein furore. The arts do not advance by sensations and circuses but by very quiet and often almost indiscernible influences, intuitions behind the scene. We are told, and on very intelligent witness, that Miss Stein has succeeded remarkably in bringing literature back to prime conversational terms; that she subtly conveys the vague syntax, the muddle and repetition of familiar talk; the unconscious parentheses and crowding subordinate clauses. That may well be; but we have had it done before, brilliantly, by Daisy Ashford.

Myself I doubt whether such experiments have any value. Writing is not a natural but a highly artificial and conventionalized function. Perhaps the first law of prose is the motto I see on so many notice boards here in Chicago: *No Parking at Any Time.* Writing which is a laboratory experiment in phonetics, in automatic sound-associations and hypnotic chant, is not writing but music or ballet. The success of Miss Stein's opera seems to have shown this. Certainly it's good fun and good fooling, but it is (in the exact sense) illiterate. Literature exacts from the reader a higher intellectual cover charge.

❧ ❧

In a park out in Evanston is a most curious monument that caught my eye—a preserved tree. It is a fallen oak trunk with three upright limbs of odd shape; the whole has been carefully tarred with chemical and mounted on three stone supports. A tablet says that it was a Pottawatomie Trail Tree, used by the Indians as a marker pointing to a village on a side path from the trail to Green Bay. The map of literature is frequent with just such antique guide-posts which once were alive and pointed to something which had meaning. In that brilliant old phrase, the woods are full of them; dead camp fires of Parnassians, Imagists, Surrealists, Devastationists, Humanists. A few arrowheads and broken potteries are all that remain. The traveller who really wants to get to Green Bay travels without the badge of tribe or the baggage of too much theory.

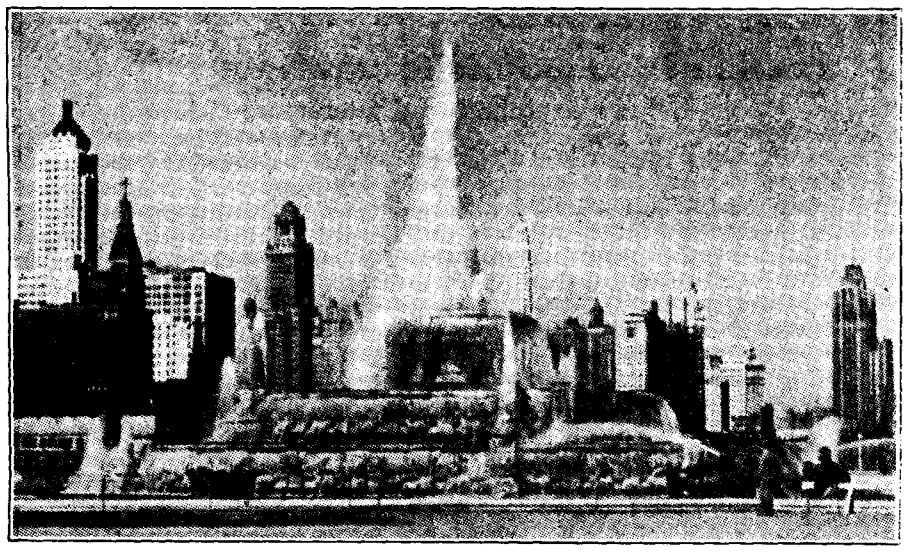
Or perhaps it is the seagulls on the Chicago breakwater which provide the analogy for which I grope. They look like seagulls; they behave like seagulls; they *are* seagulls (at least I suppose so). But they've never seen the sea. That strange bitter and vital solution that distinguishes an ocean from a lake is unknown to them.

❧ ❧

A literary Trail-Tree to which I paid pious visit was the old Round Table at Schlogl's good German restaurant on North Wells Street. Expatriates from Chicago, and especially Mr. Harry Hansen who I believe founded that cenacle—and celebrated it gaily in his book *Midwest Portraits*—will be glad to know that the ruddy table is still there, wistfully served by Richard Schneider the gentle waiter, and the Viennese goulash with spätzli (spelling?) as good as ever. But since the Chicago *Daily News* moved away from that neighborhood to its new building, and Keith Preston died, and others migrated to New York or Hollywood, the old Schlogl school of arts and letters has faded. It was a pleasure for a stranger to round up a few pilgrims and renew the memory of an older time. Richard almost weeps as he sends his love to Harry Hansen. He sadly remembers the day when the Round Table beat its mugs on the board with thunderous enthusiasms. Henry Mencken had proclaimed Chicago the literary capital of America, and Schlogl's was the differential joint of it. I particularly love places when they are no longer fashionable, and that quiet hour at Schlogl's was delightful. The old copy of *Midwest Portraits,* filled with signatures, is reverently preserved.

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS:—At the Loan Exhibition at the Art Institute, Hogarth's portrait of "Mrs. Butler" who was Oliver Goldsmith's landlady—lent from the John G. Johnson Collection in Philadelphia. Her real name, the catalogue said, was Mrs. Fleming. Was she the one who dunned Oliver for his payment so that he called in Dr. Johnson to read the MS of *The Vicar* and say if it could be turned into cash? If so, I'd love to reproduce a postcard of it.—In Ernest Byfield's penthouse on top of the Sherman Hotel, replicas by Tony Sarg of British naval figureheads of the Georgian era—and Miss Sally Rand standing beautifully beneath one; clothed, however. I wonder if you read Westbrook Pegler's piece the other day about Miss Rand's dismantled dressing room in the now torn-apart World's Fair? Mr. Pegler has long been my favorite macabre essayist. I seem to hear his voice in the shrill double whistle of the Chicago cops, which sounds so oddly like the derisive sibilance of the small boy when some goddess steps off a high curbstone. —The thought that a big city hotel never really thinks itself happy until it has an automobile on display (for sale or raffle) in the lobby; and how do they get them in without anyone ever noticing it being done? The good old 1890 school of paintings in the Congress lobby looks greatly surprised.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



BUCKINGHAM FOUNTAIN, CHICAGO
Bronze by Marcel Loyan

Alfred Richard Orage

1873-1934

A few hours after delivering a B. B. C. address on Social Credit, A. R. Orage, editor of *The New English Weekly,* died unexpectedly in his sleep early on the morning of November 6. He once defined his purpose in editing *The New English Weekly* to be the injection of the idea of Social Credit into the political consciousness of England, and he died just as the idea was beginning to enter debates in Parliament. Among his most remarkable editorials was a series on the London World Economic Conference in 1933.

Mr. Orage was well known in America, spending most of the years from 1924 to 1931 in New York, lecturing to semi-private groups on psychology and literature. From 1906 to 1922 Mr. Orage edited *The New Age* in London. He became known as a developer of dark horses in the literary world. He was the first to publish Katherine Mansfield; J. C. Squire and Edwin Muir served their apprenticeships under him; he "brought up" Michael Arlen, G. D. H. Cole, Llewellyn Powys, Storm Jameson, and a number of others who recorded their debt in the inaugural number of *The New English Weekly.*

A remarkable feature of his career was the number of books dedicated to him. The count is said to run up to sixty, and in recent years included books by Ezra Pound, Isa Glenn, T. S. Matthews, and John O'Hara Cosgrave, among American authors. The fact is eloquent of his powers of instigation, encouragement, and counsel and speaks volumes for the warmth of personal regard in which he was held by those associated with him. G. B. M.

A Writer of Sense and Sensibility

THE CURATE'S WIFE. By E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE work of Miss E. H. Young recalls Jane Austen in more ways than one. It is not only that they have much the same power of illuminating the humdrum lives of a little provincial circle; it is not only that in a crisis of the present novel, Miss Young alludes to "Pride and Prejudice" with great effect; more than these, it is not possible to read "William" or "Miss Mole" or "The Curate's Wife" without constantly thinking of one of Jane Austen's titles. For Miss Young's work is distinguished in an equally remarkable degree by sense and sensibility. She has the most delicate perception of all the currents of thought and feeling in her

E. H. YOUNG

chosen section of suburban society, the tiny social distinctions and the intricate human relationships; and she comprehends how great are the trifling tragedies of everyday life. And she can draw a moral —she does in all her work draw the same moral—in the only way it can be done inoffensively, by showing with her own clarity that to behave according to her moral *is* the only sensible thing to do.

In "The Curate's Wife" she tells the story of Dahlia Rendall, sister of Jenny in "Jenny Wren," to which this is a sequel. Dahlia is married to a curate, and the difficulties of her marriage are just becoming apparent. He is too conscientious, and she too honest; he determinedly does his duty as a husband, as he does in all the other states to which it has pleased God to call him, while Dahlia wants to be treated in a more imperfect and human manner.

The problem of adjustment is made more difficult by the fact that the curate's wife is a public character in the parish, expected to set an example in everything she does, and by the fact that the parish is really commanded by a "Vicaress," a self-righteous and bitterly possessive woman, who regards her husband, her son, and her parish with the same jealousy. The story of Dahlia and Cecil is worked out without dramatics, simply, sensibly, comprehendingly—a very difficult feat. By way of contrast there is interwoven the story of the vicar's wife, whose possessiveness does force a dramatic climax, and a catastrophe; she goes too far, and loses her hold on her husband by a single speech. It is not perhaps tragedy; but it is "a most lamentable comedy."

So, as in all her books, Miss Young has demonstrated, quietly and irresistibly, that jealousy is stupid and self-defeating, and that generosity is the sensible course; and that the important virtues are tolerance and unselfishness and honesty, and the important sins are pharisaism and possessiveness and spitefulness. At least, she seems to say, modestly, she does not pretend to speak for all the world, but she is sure it is so in Upper Radstowe; she knows all about Upper Radstowe.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Indians and Mexicans

YOUNG MEXICO. By Anne Merriman Peck. New York: Robert M. McBride. 1934. $2.50.

GOLD DUST. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $2.

THE FIGHT FOR THE PUEBLO. By Cornelia James Cannon. The same.

THE TOMAHAWK TRAIL. By L. Lamprey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1934. $2.50.

TAN-TA-KA. By Huburt V. Coryell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.

STORIES OF THE SIOUX. By Chief Standing Bear. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $1.50.

TITA OF MEXICO. By Grace Moon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

OF this batch of young folks' Indian and Mexican books, Mr. Schultz's "Gold Dust" stands out as a rattling good story and Miss Peck's "Young Mexico" for its sound and sympathetic interpretation of modern, post-revolutionary Mexico.

What Miss Peck does, in effect, is to put the Stuart-Chase-Committee-on-Cultural-Relations-with-Latin-America attitude toward our neighbors on the other side of the Rio Grande into juvenile terms. The agrarian revolution, with its breaking up of the old feudal estates, Mexican arts and crafts, the charm for North Americans of a civilization which still makes unusual resistance to the march of machinery, the different atmospheres and flavors of the plateau cities, the highland villages, the languorous hot country, all are viewed sympathetically and from the point of view of those who admire Diego Rivera's frescoes, several of which are used as illustrations.

The result is a sort of young folks' guide-book to present-day Mexico, put into readable human-interest terms, the different places and subjects seen through the eyes and minds of Mexican children instead of through those of their elders.

Mr. Schultz went West in the '70's, joined a tribe of Blackfeet, and for years lived, hunted, and fought with them. He has written a whole library of boys' books about Indians, of which "Gold Dust" is the latest. It recalls to your reviewer the thrill he used to get from the works of Edward S. Ellis. Mr. Schultz has a real narrative gift—he is simple, direct, concrete, and all the trail and hunting stuff sounds as if it were written by one who knows from actual experience what he is talking about. Andy Nolan, an old prospector, had left his buried gold dust to the boy who tells the story, but before the map which gave the clue to the cache could get into the boy's hands, old Andy was murdered. The story follows the tracking down of the "bad man" who killed Andy and the final unearthing of the treasure, and there's all sorts of first-class trailing, hunting, and Indian lore in between.

"The Fight for the Pueblo" and "The Tomahawk Trail" both have historical backgrounds—the former, the last Spanish expedition into New Mexico; the latter, the kidnapping of white colonists by Indian war-parties in what is now New England in the years immediately preceding the French and Indian War. Both are informative and readable but neither has quite that crisp, concrete, and at the same time romantic quality of Mr. Schultz's yarn about gold dust. Nor has "Tan-Ta-Ka," although the latter has plenty of gore and shudders and also an heroic dog which follows the young hero through thick and thin.

Chief Standing Bear's Sioux stories are so very simple and naive that one assumes they must be just what they pretend to be—tales told about the campfire. Several, indeed, are scarcely more than what appear to have been actual happenings, the only "point" to them being that they did actually happen. Thus, a brave comes back from the fight lamenting the killing of his favorite pony. Next morning, a horse, half-dead, stumbles into camp and pokes his nose into the brave's tent. He wasn't killed after all. Or hunters are half starved for buffalo meat; the medicine man makes some particularly strong "medicine," and they find all the buffalo they can shoot—as simple as that.

Mrs. Moon has collaborated with her husband, Carl Moon, in the latter's stories of Southwestern Indians so that it is no great jump for her to cross the border as she does in her own story, "Tita of Mexico." She inclines to view the old Mexican regime sentimentally, rather than to exploit the new "democratic" order. Little Tita's father is the son of a rich old *hacendado,* but has "gone native" to the extent of marrying a peasant woman and sinking comfortably to her social level. A series of romantic and melodramatic events, brought about by the revolution, takes Tita back to her wealthy grandfather and reunites father and son. A handsome, hungry boy whom Tita discovers hiding in the cactus wall of her father's garden and befriends, is the means to this end, and when the excitement is over, Tita's inclinations hover between the little village world she grew up in and the upper-class word into which her father was born, while her heart hovers between her little-girl interest in Felipe and something more. Mr. Moon's frontispiece pictures Tita as a youngster of about eight or ten, but the things she does to make the story suggest —even in a country where women mature rapidly—a girl older than that.

Parents' Assistants

THE MOTHER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Compiled and edited by the Editors of Parents' Magazine. *New York: Reynal & Hitchcock.* 1934. $3.

LITERATURE OLD AND NEW FOR CHILDREN. By Annie E. Moore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $1.50.

BAG O' TALES. By Effie Power. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $5.

A VERY ready help in trouble is the stout compendium of instruction and advice which has been culled from the pages of that excellent periodical, *The Parents' Magazine.* To it a varied and authoritative group of specialists have contributed, their brief articles covering an encyclopedic range of subjects. Here are discussions of problems of education and discipline, of child health and training, sidelights on play and study, and the hundred and one other matters which confront the parent during the formative years of the child's life. A useful and sound volume altogether.

At first blush it may seem curious to link in the same review a handbook like "The Mother's Encyclopedia," and such volumes as those by Miss Moore and Miss Power. But they, like the reference work, are excellent aids to the parent in the training of the child. "Literature Old and New for Children" is a discussion and analysis of literature for children of quite as great interest to the mother as to the prospective teacher. It approaches its subject both from the historical and the critical angle, sifting and commenting upon the outstanding examples of juvenile literature, and supplying excellent bibliographies for each classification. Miss Power's "Bag o' Tales" is an anthology which she describes as "a source book for story-tellers." It contains an excellently chosen group of tales—stories for little children, folk tales and fables, myths and epics. It, too, is equipped with well-chosen bibliographies.

KAY BOYLE

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She is an exquisite craftsman . . . one of the most gifted and interesting of the younger writers. —*N. Y. Times*

The book is written with the sudden burst of magnificent poetry which makes all of Kay Boyle's work exciting.
—*William Soskin*

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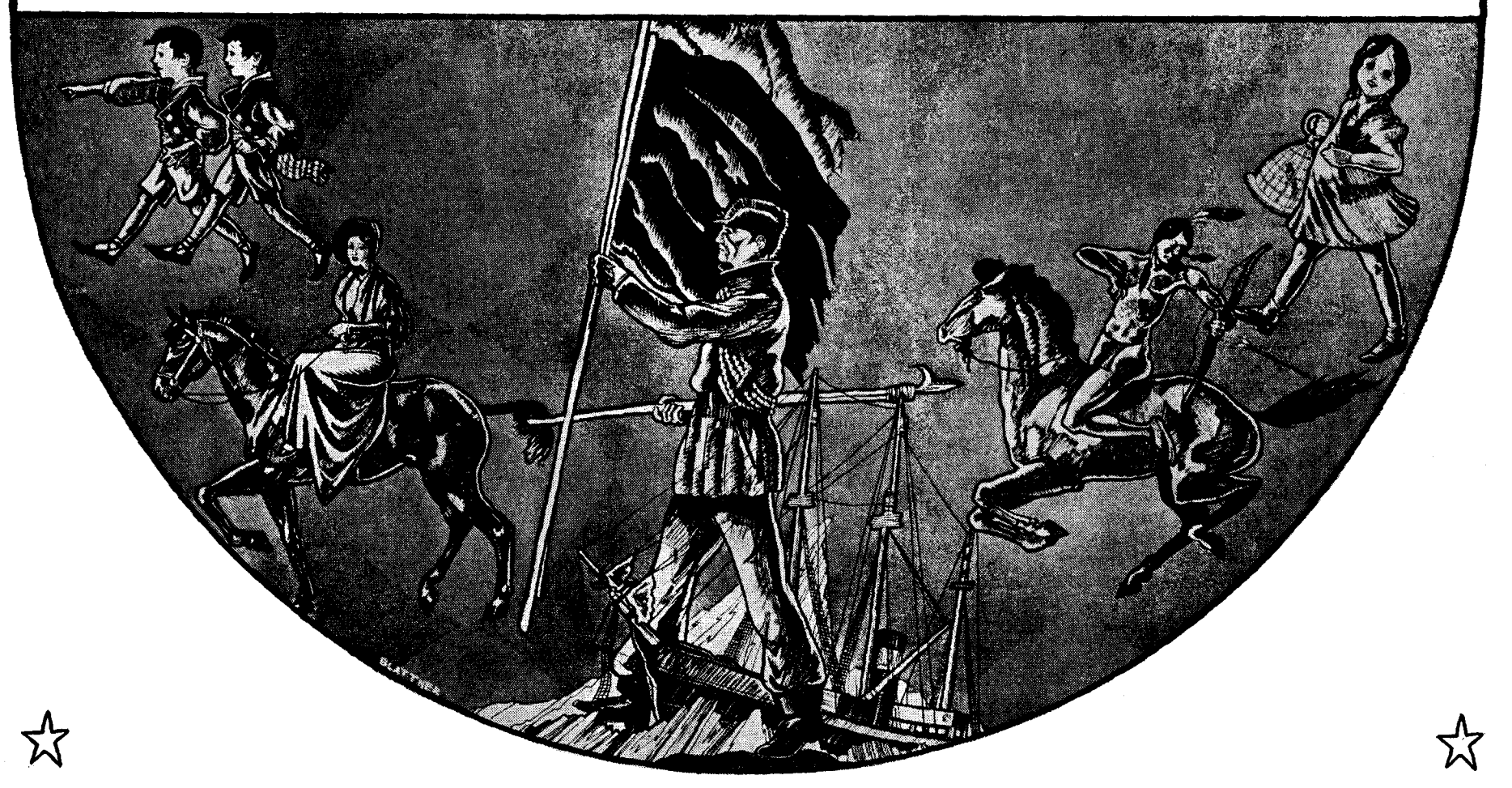

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RANDOM HOUSE

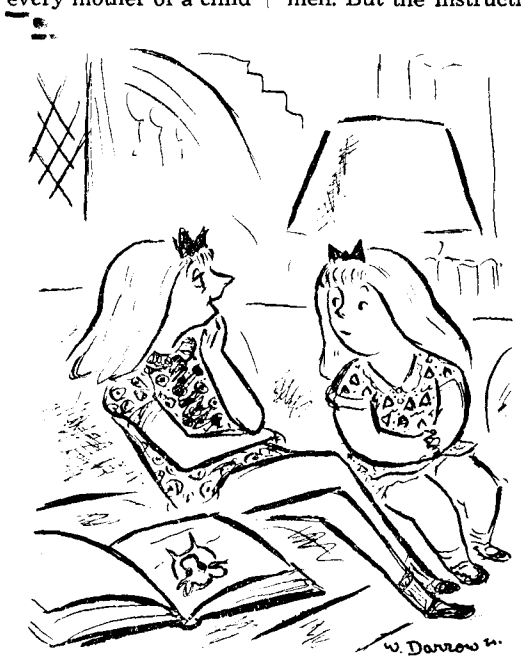
Things to Do

By CLARA SAVAGE LITTLEDALE

ELEVEN recent books for children are lying on my desk. They have just returned after having been passed about among some children whose opinions of books I value. The children received them with interest and critical appreciation, but without surprise. And yet if books like these dealing chiefly with things to do and to make had fallen into the hands of girls and boys fifty years ago undoubtedly they would have caused the greatest excitement. "Activity programs" for children were not considered a fundamental part of education then. And in spite of the gloomy old prediction that the devil found work for idle hands to do, the cultivation of hobbies and handicraft was left to chance and special gift. The books on my desk indicate an entire change of attitude. They take it for granted that all children are interested in making things and vitally concerned with what is going on in the world, whether it is the dash of fire engines down Main Street or the arts and crafts of Sweden.

For orderliness in review these books separate into two main groups. There are six in one group, and these are all concerned with how to make and do a variety of things. Here is "Making Things for Fun" (Appleton-Century: $2), by A. Frederick Collins. Almost any child can find something that appeals to him here, for, beginning with simple things to fashion from paper and cardboard, the chapters progress till they hold the attention of the older boy and girl by directions for rigging up electrical things, making a model ship, and a radio. "Making Musical Instruments" has a very special appeal, and the experience of boys and girls who have adventured in this field has proved it a fascinating one. How to make a sun-dial; how to make a north star pistol; how to make weather prognostications, are among the alluring possibilities that will interest the boy or girl who has a scientific slant.

"Bed-Time Fun for Boys and Girls" (Loring & Mussey: $1.50), by Ruth Zechlin, is a book that every mother of a child confined to bed will welcome with enthusiasm. There are a wealth of suggestions for nurse or mother, written from the angle of occupational therapy. The child who is not allowed much movement, those obliged to save their eyes, children who can't sit up, and others are all given special consideration. A chart at the beginning of the volume lists occupations possible with different illnesses, different abilities and conditions. This book is a little volume, but it goes to the point with such a brisk, cheerful, and competent air that it is sure to inspire both the patient and the one who cares for him.



"The horse is real enough, and the cow is fairly convincing, but to me the chicken seems a trifle artificial."

"Pirate Ships Done in Models" (Dodd, Mead), by Peter Adams, tells how to make miniature models of famous pirate ships. And in describing each ship the author introduces you to the characters that made these ships famous—Blackbeard, Kidd, Morgan, and others are here. Older boys and girls who have that penchant for small things and detail work which is a source of very real satisfaction to many will be fascinated. But let the nervous child or the one who lacks fine muscular coördination keep away.

"Homemade Games" (Lippincott: $2), by Arthur H. Lawson, is written by one who has found the making of games quite as fascinating as the games themselves. Just how many boys and girls will be interested to make games is, I think, a question. It seems almost enough to learn to play chess, for instance, without undertaking to make the board and the chessmen. But the instructions throughout the work are thoroughly workmanlike and prove that many games are easy to make.

Edwin Hamilton writes a book for girls calling it "Prizes and Presents" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Less advanced than his "Handicraft for Girls," it contains fifty-nine separate suggestions. I am frank to admit that Hippo the Breadboard, the rubberneck tea dripper, the Mickey Mouse shade pull, and other articles described do not appeal to my esthetic sense. Perhaps they remind me too painfully of the Christmas—how many years ago was it?—when a friend of mine received twelve hatpin bottles trimmed with lace. However, other prizes and presents described have more artistic merit, and Mr. Hamilton has a fine knack of making directions clear and keeping these suggested presents within the scope of the girl with a small allowance.

I predict an epidemic of hocus-pocus

GIVE BOOKS THAT WILL BE READ, KEPT, ENJ

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The strange tale—part real, part fable—of a Russian soldier of fortune. By the author of *Job.* $2.50

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by Frieda Lawrence
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TO THE NORTH!
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by Jeanneite Mirsky
Because It is a glorious record of man's 2000-year battle for land and glory in the North. "A book that holds the reader's interest to the end . . . while dealing with facts, she has colored them with imagination and sympathy." Henry E. Armstrong, *N. Y. Times. Illustrated.* $2.75

Because Eugene O… Richard … illustriou… in imagin… letters b… *The New…*

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once "The Adventures of A Boy Magician" (Lippincott: $1.50), by Morrell Massey gets into circulation. Magic is one of the most popular subjects, I am told, among boys and girls. Here are no end of tricks, in a book which also contains directions for giving a full-fledged public performance of magic. I can't help feeling, however, that boys and girls will be annoyed at the story form in which this book is written. If you want to know just how to take a rabbit out of your aunt's hat you don't want to wade through a description of a poor old magician and his rather wandering conversations. I for one want to get on to the rabbit, and the boys and girls who looked through this book agreed with me on this point. They felt much the same way about "Grammar Can Be Fun" (Stokes: $1.25), by Munro Leaf. "Ain't" lying prone on the cover is depicted as a cross between a potato and The Yaller Kid. "Yeah," fat and squat and unpleasant; "Gimme" with bee-like body, spiderish arms, and a red tam o'shanter. Frequent mistakes in grammar are illustrated with further curious personifications. Right use of language is similarly treated. At the end of the book are several blank pages headed "These Next Pages Have Mistakes I Make and the Pictures Are Drawn by Me." What will psychologists say to this provision for impressing mistakes upon their makers? Some grown-ups and some boys and girls will like this book and liking it will find it useful. Others more realistic will prefer to take their grammar dull but straight.

Among the many enthralling books dealing with things in the world about them and satisfying children's natural desire to understand them better are "Boats" (Minton, Balch: $2) by Harriet Salt, and "Fire" (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2), by Cliff Meredith. "What kind of a boat is that?" is well answered by Harriet Salt—yes, Salt! The tramp steamer, the sailboat, the oil tanker, the tug, and many other boats are here drawn by Paul Ickes, a nautical expert as well as a well-known artist. There is no talking down in this book, no fictionizing of text, but a straightaway dealing with facts by text and picture. Children like it. Grouped with this book on my desk is "Fire," by Cliff Meredith. Here action photographs tell the story of fighting fire from the time when men ran with buckets of water down to the present's last word in fire apparatus. Immensely interesting is the pictured story of how firemen are trained. I predict that the young reader will turn every page of this book with breathless and increasing interest. Finding the burning Morro Castle among the photographs he will realize that the book is as up-to-date as a newspaper man could make it. In contrast, pick up from the same pile of books Gaylord Johnson's "The Stars for Children" (Macmillan: $2). This is a combination of two popular books, "The Star People" and "The Sky Movies." Part one deals with the stars, part two with the planets. Here again information is given in story form. I am among those who have much to learn from this book and am told by one versed in astronomy that it is an excellent volume for children of from six to fourteen and that grown-ups will also find it enjoyable and instructive. Most grown-ups and children know altogether too little about stars and planets, and there are few books which deal with astronomy simply enough for the layman. This book fills a need.

I am happy to get acquainted with Susan Smith's "Made in Sweden" (Minton, Balch: $2). What a sound idea it is to tell as this author has done in her books "Made in France," "Made in Germany and Austria," and others, of a country and its people in terms of their arts and crafts. The beautiful glass, silver, and weaving that come from Sweden express the character and rugged distinction of the Swedes who make them. This small book succeeds in making the reader feel this. A child of twelve read the book and said, "I'd like to go to Sweden. I never knew I wanted to go to Sweden before." It's that kind of a book.

The last book I come to among the eleven is "A Little Book of Halloween" (Lippincott: $1), by Elizabeth Hough Sechrist. It traces Halloween from the time when Druid priests observed the festival of "Sambrain"—Summer's End— down to the present-day observation of the night by American children. Appropriate stories and poems follow and a chapter that tells how to plan a Halloween party. The rest of the book is given over to "half a hundred games" to be played on this night.

❧ ❧

Clara Savage Littledale is the editor of The Parents' Magazine.

WHO WERE THE MYSTERIOUS THREE?

LAST WEEK we noted that three copies of Christopher Morley's sparkling cocktail of a novel, *Swiss Family Manhattan*, which raised such merry hell with the New York scene back in the winter of 1930, had been shipped out from Garden City. We can't resist one small tug of curiosity, and this brief tip to the outlying Swiss—

THE BEST of Christopher Morley has been collected in one 1200-page volume called **Christopher Morley's FIFTH AVENUE BUS.** "Sometimes," says Mr. Morley, "it's possible to hire a bus for a private party of your own." That's what we did when we made this omnibus, we made it a private party for some of Mr. Morley's most alluring characters, and a party, too, for everyone who reads it. Here are two of his most famous novels complete—*Thunder on the Left* and *Parnassus on Wheels* —as well as pages of poems, tales, essays, plays. Only $2.

INCIDENTALLY, in "A Letter to Frank C. Henry," Mr. Morley contributes to our edition of **Alexander Smith's DREAMTHORP** one of the most delightful prefaces you've ever read to one of the most delightful books that probably ever escaped you. Don't miss these "Essays written in the country" if only for one piece, advises Joseph Henry Jackson in the San Francisco Chronicle—A *Lark's Flight*—a "little masterpiece of beauty and horror." $1.50.

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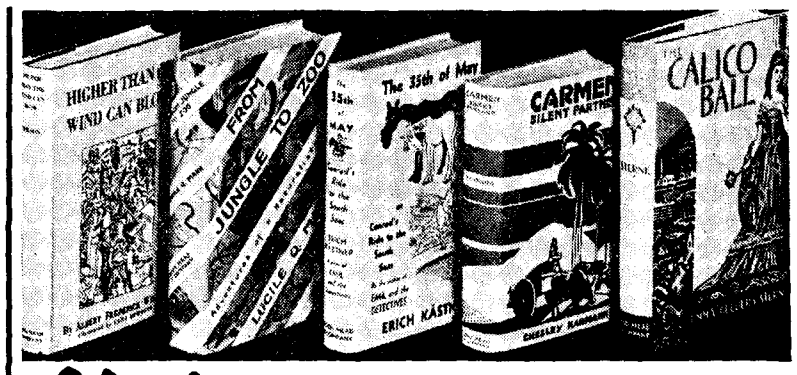
NEW DODD, MEAD JUVENILES



Children WILL ENJOY and PRIZE These New DODD, MEAD BOOKS

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By Emma Gelders Sterne. A sterling novel for older girls, about the changing Old South—particularly Birmingham—in the eighties. In the same group with "No Surrender" and "Amarantha Gay, M. D." Illustrated. $2.00

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THE 35TH OF MAY
By Erich Kästner. Amusing adventures of a boy and his uncle in the topsy-turvy land of Cockaigne. By the author of "Emil and the Detectives," "Annaluise and Anton." Illustrated. (Ages 8-12.) $2.00

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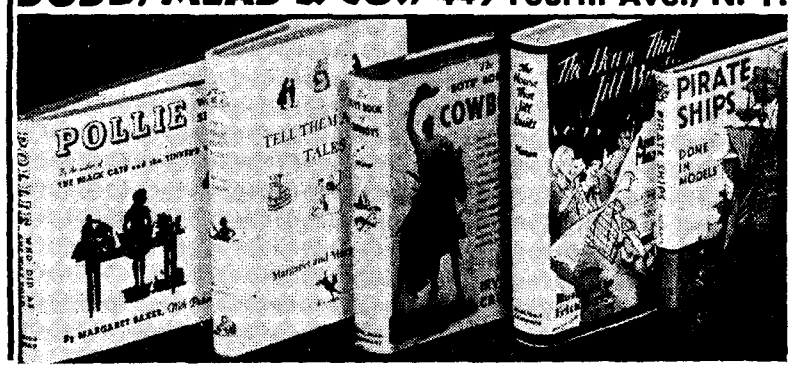

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By Carleton Beals

(LIPPINCOTT)

Books for the Youngest

By ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

CHILDREN are a difficult audience, as anyone knows who writes for them. They are highly critical and exacting; they are apt to be both outspoken and observant, yet reticent and inarticulate about their reasons. They say firmly, "I like it" or "I hate it," but they can't tell you why. Or if they do tell you why, their reasons come out jerkily and devastatingly. "It is too talky," "I never like books about bees," or that fine, terse, psychological criticism of the little girl who remarked, "*Sad*, I don't like; *cruel*, I love." They know nothing of reviewers' jargon, or liking books because other people like them. They suffer from one supreme disadvantage; they are seldom allowed to choose their own books, at least not at first.

It was Miss Adams in "Your Child Is Normal" who said, I think, "Early childhood is not only a preparation for later life, it is also a definite period of living which has its own characteristic prejudices and predilections." That is extremely important, and it is what most parents and teachers forget. We are so eager to have children read things that will be useful to them later on that we lose sight of the fact that they may want, quite normally, to be amused. Exactly as if someone forbade us romances at twenty for something that would prepare us for middle age.

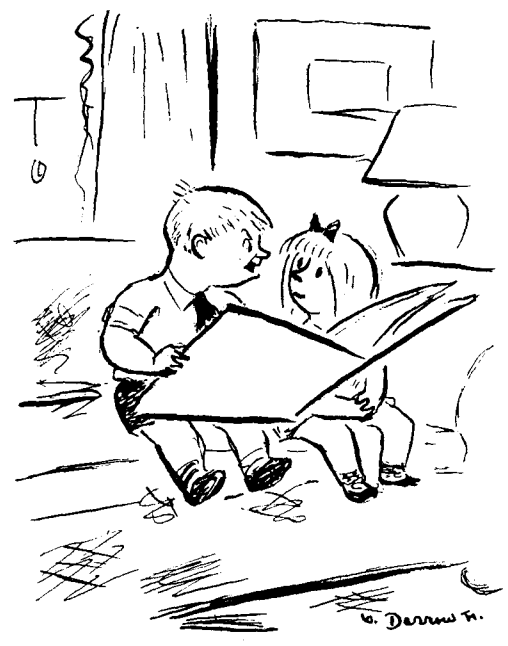
This year, fortunately, there are good things from which to choose. Going over the list as a whole, we find a surprisingly large number of juvenile authors who are both author and illustrator. This is undoubtedly convenient, though sometimes it means that the pictures surpass the text or vice-versa. The author struggles to be an artist or the artist struggles to be an author. Sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Bemelmans's "Hansi" (Viking: $2), text and pictures are equally good. We have the ever popular story of a boy's life against a variety of backgrounds. In "One Day with Jambi" (Winston: $2) and "Jungle Picnic" (Warner: $2), the stories are set in exotic jungles in Sumatra and Africa. "Hansi" is in the Austrian Tyrol. There is also good use of American backgrounds, as in "Robin on the Mountain" (Dutton: $2), a story of the Ozarks, and "You Can't Pet a Possum" (Morrow: $1.75) with its Southern setting. We have the super-modern primer in "Deadstick, the Story of an Airport Kitten," and yet the good old-fashioned fairy tale creeps into such books as "Pollie" and "The Old Sailor's Yarn-Box" (Stokes: $1.75) and "Little Fat Gretchen" (Knopf: $1.25).

"Hansi," by Ludwig Bemelmans, should come high in any list. Mr. Bemelmans has done both pictures and text, and both are original and delightful. "Hansi" is the story of a little boy's life in the Austrian Tyrol, and particularly his visit to his Uncle Herman. It is done with great freshness and simplicity and a sense of humor. I find myself wanting to quote many things, which is always a good sign. I wish I might also show the book's end-papers which depict the interior of Uncle Herman's house and are a delight for children. There is a curious underlying wisdom and nostalgia in this book, as if Mr. Bemelmans were remembering his own childhood. It is remarkable that anyone who has done sophisticated murals for a New York restaurant can be versatile enough to sustain a childlike mood so well.

Life in far-away lands is the theme of "One Day with Jambi," by Armstrong Sperry, and "A Jungle Picnic," by Clifford Webb. In both cases the author is also the illustrator and provides handsome exotic pictures. "One Day with Jambi," the story of a boy's life in Sumatra, supplements Mr. Sperry's "One Day with Manu," which was about life in the South Seas. The pictures are the high point of the book. They are done, as a note points out, in six colors and are colorful and dramatic and portray all sorts of wild life from elephants to alligators.

Clifford Webb's "Jungle Picnic" is done in the first person by Jennifer's brother and describes the time he and Jennifer went from London to visit their Uncle Guthrie in Africa. They make friends with a young African named Sunday. The three meet almost as many animals as Mr. Frank Buck. All of the animals get into Mr. Webb's pictures, the giraffes and zebras particularly effectively.

Another sequel to a popular juvenile is "Flash, the Story of a Wild Horse" (Smith & Haas: $2), by Esther Averill, who wrote "Powder." Powder was the colt. Flash is his sire. The wicked duchess told of in Powder is dead. Flash refuses to be tamed and runs off, rather than return to a humdrum life at the Castle. Finally, Wigwag, the castle dog, tracks him down, finding him with the gypsies. He at last persuades Flash to gallop home. There is a romantic wildness about both text and pictures that will appeal to the adventurous side of all children, particularly those hemmed in by the city.



"'The pig went to market'—if you can't even understand that, there's no use going on with this."

In "Little Fat Gretchen," Emma L. Brock repeats the successful formula she had in "A Runaway Sardine." This time it is the Black Forest instead of Brittany that furnishes the picturesque background and costumes. A little girl on a toy music-box loses her "Puppchen." She asks all the woods animals for news of her doll and finally finds it stolen by a squirrel who thought it was a nut. It is a slight but pleasant story, suitable for very young readers.

Lois Lenski's "Surprise for Mother" (Stokes: $1) is about three little girls, Niddy, Noddy, and Nancy. Repetition plays an important part in it. The story is, as the publishers say, "simple and cheerful." Simplicity and repetition are deliberate, however, for this book is intended for beginners to read themselves. It has clear print and many pictures to enliven the process of learning to read, and fills a long felt want with librarians and teachers who cry for good first story books.

The story of "Deadstick, an Airport Kitten" (Putnam: $2), written and illustrated by Louise Turck Stanton, must be intended for precociously air-minded children. It has a nice introduction by Amelia Earhart assuring us that it is technically correct, since a pilot wrote it. Deadstick, a lazy kitten, lives in a hangar in an airport and provides a kitten's-eye view of aviation. I can't check up on the mechanical end, but the fact that *propeller* is misspelled rather shook my faith, or is spelling no longer important in the machine age? The details seem technical and confusing for the age range, but I may be underestimating the ability of young aviators. But any child would be confused by having the captions on the illustrations run into the text as they do.

In contrast with this ultra-modern work, Margaret Baker in "Pollie, Who Did as She Was Told" (Dodd, Mead: $1.75) provides an example of the old-fashioned fairy-tale. Pollie does *exactly* as she is told. She never fails to get in hot water. She works for the mayor, the squire, and the wise woman, in each case managing to

(*Continued on page* 298)

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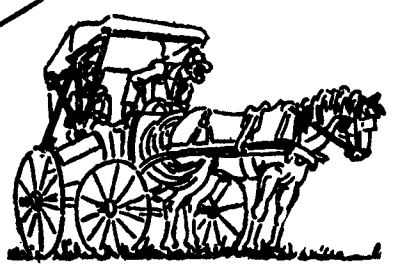

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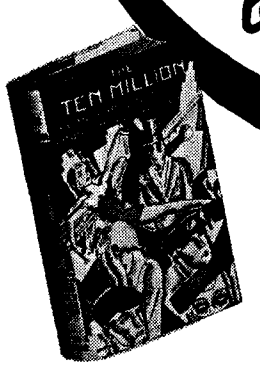

by Dorothy Whipple

author of GREENBANKS

THE LOVABLE Blakes meet an ambitious financier who uproots their humble and contented lives. They adventure out into the world... experience many startling things... and return finally to the peace of their own homestead. $2.50.

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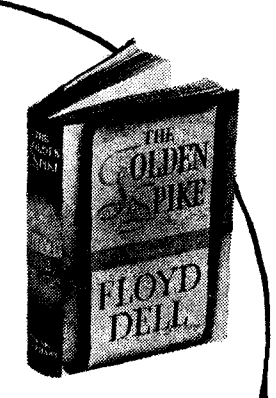

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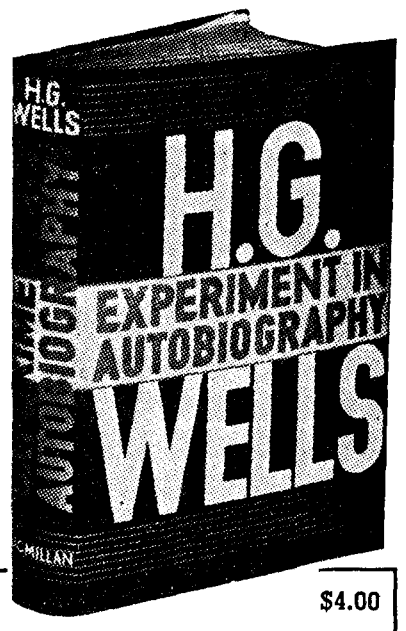

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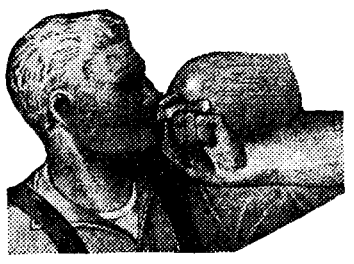

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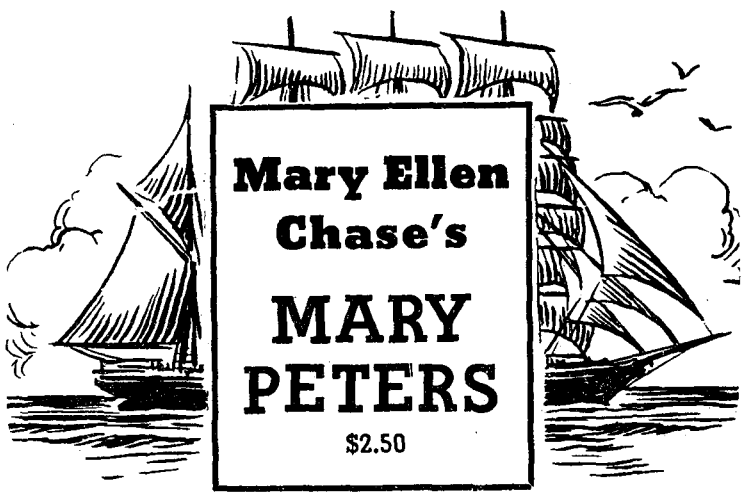

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Books for the Youngest

(*Continued from page 296*)

make mistakes. Both the story and the silhouettes that illustrate it have a quaint charm that little girls still like.

A good series of fantastic stories for boys is Eleanor Farjeon's "The Old Sailor's Yarn Box," a companion volume to her "The Old Nurse's Stocking Basket." It contains ten yarns spun to Derry, an eight-year-old English boy, by his friend Jim, an old sailorman who sits at the end of his street. Children will like its realistic-romantic mood and Miss Farjeon's humorous tall stories.

"You Can't Pet a Possum," by Arna Bontemps, substitutes black for white in its characters. Shine Boy is a little orphan eight-year-old colored boy who lives with his Aunt Cindy. His best friend is Butch, a tramp dog. They have various simple adventures, including a trip to Birmingham where Butch is lost and has to be retrieved from the dog-pound. At the end, Shine Boy has a possum dinner and a cake for his ninth birthday. The story is told with sympathy. There is dialect, but not too much to confuse the average young reader. The illustrations are humorous in a sophisticated, adult way.

"Robin of the Mountain," by Charlie May Simon, is good Americana; it presents vividly life in the Ozark mountains in Arkansas. Though it is modern, it has much of the early pioneer spirit. Robin's father is a "share cropper." The story tells how, after many moves, the family manages to stake out a claim and finally establishes itself, thanks to Robin's ingenuity. The dialect (clever for kindly and a word, "hacked," that I couldn't identify but that seems to mean shy) will interest the adult and not bother the child. There are a few startling, all too realistic details, but the story is honest, straightforward, and adventurous. The black and white illustrations by Howard Simon are strong and exciting like the story.

Alice Dalgliesh, who did a good job in "America Travels," has not one but two current offerings. Like "Relief's Rocker" and "The Blue Tea-pot," "Roundabout" (Macmillan: $1.75) is another Sandy Cove story. It tells of Ann who is left a cottage by the sea by Captain Enos, an old sea captain. She moves in, gets to know her neighbors, and then discovers she has lost the deed to the house. It turns up hidden in a scarecrow to provide a happy ending. This will appeal to any little girl who longs for a playhouse of her own.

"Christmas" (Scribners: $2) is an anthology of Christmas pieces compiled by Miss Dalgliesh. It will undoubtedly prove a popular gift book. It includes old favorites like "The Night before Christmas," selections from Dickens and Hans Christian Andersen, as well as modern names like Rachel Field, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Rosemary Carr Benét is the author, with her husband, Stephen Vincent Benét, of "A Book of Americans."

Tales of Other Lands

NIMBO, The Story of an African Boy. By Josephine Van Dolzen Pease. Chicago: Albert Whitman and Company. 1934. $1.
THE MAGIC SQUIRREL. By N. G. Grishina. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1934. $1.75.
HANS SEES THE WORLD. By Liza Tetzner. New York: Covici-Friede. 1934. $2.
LITTLE PEAR AND HIS FRIENDS. By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1934. $2.
TOÑO ANTONIO. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $1.75.
JAMES MACGREGOR FROM AMERICA. By Marian Bullard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $1.25.
A LITTLE FRENCH BOY. By Albert Erlande. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.
ROBIN AND JEAN IN ITALY. By Lawrence S. Williams. New York: American Book Co. 1934. $2.
PAULO IN THE CHILEAN DESERT. By Margaret Loring Thomas. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1934. $2.
THE LAPP MYSTERY. By S. S. Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

HERE are stories about children who live in faraway parts of the world. Their nationalities are different but they are all alike in being very up-and-doing. Nimbo, a little black boy who lives in the jungle, is much smarter than he ought to be, but he meets his punishment in the end from all the elephants, and grandmothers, and hens in his village. Miss Pease bases Nimbo's story on African folklore, and Miss Young has painted

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him in many amusing pictures, prancing through the jungle on his too successful way. "Nimbo" is the sort of story that little children like to hear over and over.

"The Magic Squirrel," written and illustrated by N. G. Grishina, has also the true ring of a child's story that has its roots in folklore. A magic squirrel would be a silly thing if it were not convincing, but no child could have any doubts about Petroushka, the squirrel in this story, who brought such good fortune to a kind-hearted little Russian boy named Keera. "The Magic Squirrel" is one of those satisfactory fairy tales where everyone who has been cold and hungry finds himself at last in the cosiest circumstances.

Hans, who sees the world, is a poor boy too, a German boy who starts out to find bread for his starving mother, and he, like Keera, finds himself in a fairy-tale. But the difficulties with which he must cope are often those of a very real and cruel world. It is a story that has some of the underlying sadness of "The Water Babies," or of Hans Andersen's tales, but Liza Tetzner has such a charming touch, so successfully does she extricate Hans from his difficulties, that children will love to read about him and Trillewipp, the flying rabbit, and the little Eskimo boy, Kasagsuk.

"Little Pear and his Friends" is the chronicle of a little Chinese boy's life told with delightful freshness by Eleanor Frances Lattimore and illustrated by her with a great many drawings as simple and charming as her writing. No great adventures befall Little Pear, yet one reads with interest everything that happens to him, how he went down the river in an ice-sled, how he went begging, how he found his baby brother. We see things through his eyes, and so tiny happenings seem very important.

For somewhat older children, Ruth Sawyer writes "Toño Antonio" out of a knowledge of Spain as complete as Miss Lattimore's of China. It is a beautifully written and moving story of still another poor boy who brings home money to his family. But this time it is without magic. Toño and his goats walk many miles over the bleak mountains and work very hard for what they get in the end. It is a charmingly bound and printed book, with pen and ink illustrations by F. Luis Mora that sustain the atmosphere of Ruth Sawyer's prose.

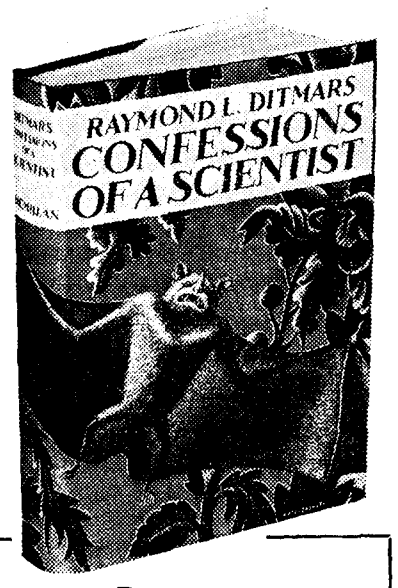
Just why "James MacGregor from America" should be considered a book for children is difficult to see. There is no story, and James MacGregor, a Scottish terrier, leads a rather uneventful life, in spite of all the traveling he does with the lady who owns him. It is really, as one little boy said, a book "for solemn grown-ups," for grown-up, gently sentimental dog-lovers, who will like this sort of mild essay-pace, and appreciate how well-written it is, and not mind the wistful end. But what child cares that "once more the lilac tips were swelling on the sunny side of the terrace wall . . ."?

"A Little French Boy," a translation from the French of Albert Erlande, is a story slow and clumsy in starting. The author evidently feels that he has made a real creation in "Coup-de-Pif," the small boy hero, but unfortunately he does not convey to us much more than this sense of his own satisfaction. The children in this book are supposed to be marvellously imaginative, but somehow they never come alive. "Coup-de-Pif" falls in with a Jean Valjean-esque sailor and there finally is a story, a very sentimental one. All through the book there is a blurred effect, as though the author knew so much about the characters that he could not realize that the reader knew nothing.

"Robin and Jean in Italy" has a rather drab, textbook appearance, but it makes agreeable reading. It is packed with information about Italy, as Robin's and Jean's father and mother are conscientious parents and instruct their children in a very nice way. It would make an excellent child's guide book.

Boys of ten or over will be interested in following "Paulo in the Chilean Desert," and when they have finished with his adventures they will have a very accurate impression of his part of the world. Mrs. Thomas writes with such vividness that she gives us the impression of actually being in the desert, of experiencing its heat and cold, and its dust, of seeing the borax lake and the volcano of San Pedro.

"The Lapp Mystery" is exciting reading for a boy, and here again, the author writes with the authentic touch that is the result of true knowledge of a country and a race. We learn just how the Lapps live, what they eat and drink, what they wear, how they think and feel. The book is attractively printed and bound, and illustrated in black-and-white, by James Reid.



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- ☐ Wild Flowers — by HOMER D. HOUSE $7.50
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- ☐ Death on the Prairie — by PAUL I. WELLMAN $3.00
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- ☐ Afternoon Neighbors — by HAMLIN GARLAND $3.50
- ☐ My Cousin, F. Marion Crawford — by MAUDE H. ELLIOTT . . . $2.50

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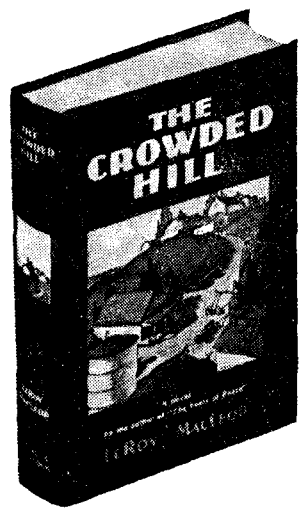

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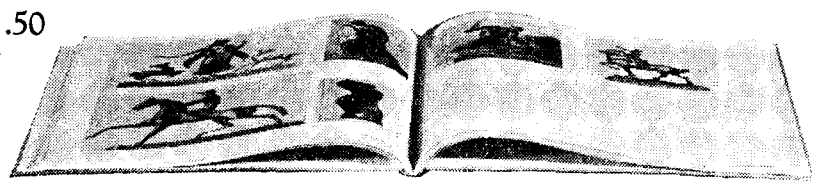

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Go, hungry-hearted, go!...

THREE years ago two men, walking in the shade of the Columbia University Library, reached a decision. That decision today has the acclaim of critics, for it brought forth something new in fiction, something new in poetry.

The two men, author and publisher, were discussing a story, yet unwritten, but drafted in a 15,000 word outline. A century ago it would have been called epic material. But a new world seemed to call for a new form. Clearly it must be a novel. But should it be cast in prose? Or did it demand the swing and sweep of verse? Prose would be safer—the conventional . . . But verse would be a challenge—the more exciting to write, to read, the more vivid medium for the most American of all great American experiences.

And so, taking a long breath of springtime air, they said, together, "It shall be verse!"

Now, after three years, that novel bursts from its covers in "lines that ring and lines that roar."

"Go, hungry-hearted, go!" So it begins. Told in fewer words than if it had been in prose, Frank Ernest Hill's THE WESTWARD STAR is a full-bodied, swift, complete novel of the surge of people that spanned and united the American continent, with "bundles of rags and tools and eyes that shone with the hope of a kingdom."

THE *New York Sun* says: "For an American, particularly, this is a book to sit up with and to return to. Mr. Hill has unfolded along the grim Western trail a personal story alive with pioneer courage and a sense of life beyond life which should definitely hush those who see no color or richness in the drama of our national beginnings. . . . Better felt in verse than prose could possibly feel it."

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THE WESTWARD STAR is, as Joseph Auslander says, a poem of "plainly Pulitzer Prize calibre," and even more than that, as the *Washington Post* puts it, "a novel in poetry . . . of clear, singing, clean-muscled quality. Hardihood and danger, travail and ecstasy, all fuse into a magnificent whole."

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THE TREND OF JUVENILE LITERATURE

PLACE to the children since this is their week in the field of books, and place at last to some of the queries which have been slumbering unduly long in my file.

H. S. of Dorchester, Mass., *longer ago than I like to admit, wrote me that she had been asked to prepare a paper on "Trends in Children's Book Production from 1920-1930" and wanted suggestions for source material.*

Certainly she has chosen a fertile subject, for the improvement in juvenile literature within the last decade has been notable. Probably never before has so much effort gone into the selection, the preparation, and the make-up of books for children, and though there are still far too many tales printed which have no excuse for existence still the general character of the output has been high. The best brief accounts of the developments of the past few years to which I can refer H. S. are LITERATURE OLD AND NEW FOR CHILDREN (Houghton Mifflin), by Annie E. Moore, and the concluding chapter, entitled "The Writing World of Junior Books," in REALMS OF GOLD (Doubleday, Doran), by Bertha A. Mahony and Elinor Whitney. Miss Moore, who was formerly associate professor of education at Teachers College, has set forth in succinct fashion the main currents of development in writing for children and tops off her general discussion with a specific study of trends in the twentieth century. Her book is in every way a useful one to teacher or parent with its excellent bibliographies as well as text. REALMS OF GOLD, of course, is indispensable to those who would plan a course of reading for children, or who would like a survey of the best that has been written for the young. The chapter on recent juvenile production is very brief but contains much meat.

LIVES OF THE GREAT

E. M. of DeWitt, Arkansas, *wants inexpensive books or pamphlets containing biographical material that would interest children ten to fourteen years old. "There is no particular group of writers I want . . . but I do want something that will make them seem like people and not a list of facts about births, parentage, education, and deaths."*

There is, of course, an enormous number of books celebrating the achievements of men and women of action, but far fewer containing material of writers which, I judge from her letter, is what E. M. wants. In order to meet her qualifications of "inexpensive" I am choosing collections, rather than individual biographies, though I can't resist mentioning the lives of Louisa Alcott by Edna Cheney and Cornelia Meigs. As if in answer to prayer (and incidentally as balm to my soul which feels somewhat purged of the sin of tardiness since had I answered E. M. earlier the book would not have been in existence to mention) comes THE JUNIOR BOOK OF AUTHORS (Wilson), edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft. Here, in autobiographical record wherever it has been possible to obtain it, are sketches of the outstanding writers dear to the heart of childhood—of those authors who write specifically for the young and such others as address themselves in general to adults, but whose work in part at least appeals to youth—authors such as Dickens, Barrie, Milne, Conan Doyle, Mark Twain.

It is a lively volume, packed full of interesting fact, and should prove a treasure-house of the sort of material E. M. wants. She'll find useful, too, such books as Sarah Bolton Knowle's LIVES OF GIRLS WHO BECAME FAMOUS (Crowell), which contains chapters on artists, reformers, and writers (among the latter are George Eliot and Louisa Alcott), in Mary R. Parkman's HEROES OF TODAY (Century) which includes lives of Muir, Burroughs, Rupert Brooke, Grenfell, and others, and in her HEROINES OF SERVICE (Century), which among others presents sketches of Mary Antin and Jane Addams. *William Rose Benét's* POEMS FOR YOUTH (Dutton) contains brief introductions to its selections presenting pertinent comment on the life and work of the poets represented. THE WINGED HORSE (Doubleday, Doran), by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill, is a most excellent and lively history of poetry and the poets.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

R. R., of Golden, Colo., *wants the title of some book which deals in whole or in part with the subject of conversation.*

What a fascinating subject R. R. opens up! Nothing could be more interesting than to follow it up through the lives of some of its great exponents. From the days of the peripatetic philosophers of Greece a long line of great conversationalists stretches down to recent times. Plutarch, Christopher North (to jump through the centuries), Macaulay, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, to name but a few, still wear their talking laurels in the reports that have come down to us. Conversation as an art, like letter writing, seems largely to have vanished in our busy era, though everyone even now has in his acquaintance someone who rises to mind as a witty and brilliant talker. R. R. will find some pleasant discussion of the subject in J. B. Priestley's TALKING (Harpers), in H. W. Taft's ESSAY ON CONVERSATION (Macmillan), and in André Maurois's CONVERSATION (Dutton).

A BOOK ON LINGUISTICS

C. P. H. of Lansing, Kan., *inquires concerning a book on "linguistic science, etymology, or the history and derivation of words."*

For many a year the great authoritative work on linguistic science was W. W. Skeat's AN ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (Oxford University Press), a work of extensive scope, also issued in a concise version. Of recent years Skeat's book has been somewhat superseded by Ernest Weekley's ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH (Dutton), which also is to be had in a condensed form as well as the larger. This is an excellent work and ought fully to meet the needs of C. P. H.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE *Erle Stanley Gardiner* (Morrow: $2.)	First husband, thought dead, of new bride, turns up, soon is dead for sure, and Perry Mason gets busy.	Amazing how well Mr. Gardiner's familiar formula stands up! Not a letdown in nigh 300 pages.	Read It
FOR THE DEFENSE: DR. THORNDYKE *R. Austin Freeman* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	English artist with double and a genius for coincidence gets accused of two implausible murders. Dr. T. wipes it up.	Thorndyke arrives on page 200, if you can get that far, but he does very few of his tricks.	Disappointing
THE GOLDEN HOARD *Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie* (Stokes: $2.)	Gold hoarding millionaire loses life because of lucre, but brave son and lovely gal nail the killers.	Interest centers in race to unravel Biblically based cryptograms by hero and villains. Rest is pretty much hoke.	Slightly phony
THE LINE-UP *Helen Reilly* (Crime Club: $2.)	Millionaire and crooked secretary are cleverly poisoned, thus setting pretty dish before Inspector McKee of Centre Street.	Save for few trifling slips (watch your tennis, Mrs. Reilly) this well-groomed and literate thriller is Top Notch.	We said it

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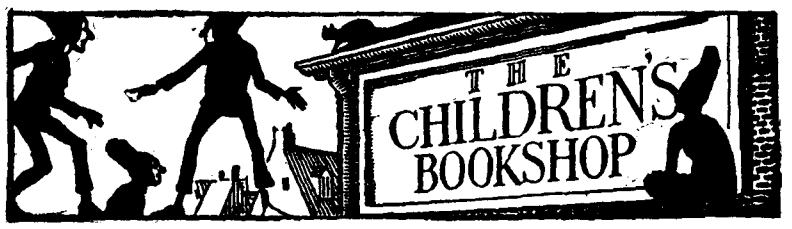

Books for Young Boys

GOOD WIND AND GOOD WATER. By Alice Cushing Gardiner and Nancy Cabot Osborne. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.

THE TRAIL OF THE BOREALIS. By Eve Grey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.

NUVAT THE BRAVE. By Radko Doone. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith. 1934. $2.

BACKFIELD COMET. By William Heyliger. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS TOBEY

THE first of these books is the tale of Peter Macey, who lived on Nantucket in the 1800's, and then went to Boston to work in a counting house, and eventually to Canton, China. The story is an absorbing one and the thorough picture of old Canton—drawn from the journals of Bryant P. Tilden in the Salem Peabody Museum—and early Nantucket and Boston give it a value beyond its entertainment. The illustrations are by Kurt Wiese, who was himself in business in China for nine years.

Miss Grey's book, "The Trail of the Borealis," takes its name from the plane in which young Bob Dawson carries warnings of forest fires and provisions to those cut off from supplies. He is forced down in it, and left behind in the forest, while his young brother sets out on a sixty-mile trip through the wilderness to get help. A knowledge of and wealth of feeling for the Canadian country goes into its telling. Boys and girls from ten to sixteen will relish every page of the tale. W. Langdon Kihn has illustrated it with strong black and white drawings.

"Nuvat the Brave," by Radko Doone, is billed as an Eskimo "Robinson Crusoe." It chronicles the experiences of a boy who is carried out to sea on an ice-floe and spends two years alone with his dogs fighting for his existence and his return to his people. This exciting and authentic story is enhanced by Hans Axel Walleen's spirited illustrations.

For those who like their excitement out of contemporary native material, William Heyliger, in the twenty-seventh book of an honorable writing career, provides "Backfield Comet," the story of a boy who made good in high school football and strutted onto the college campus to win glory—for himself, not for his team. Mr. Heyliger is so thorough in his drawing of the offensiveness of his hero that it seems fairly safe to assume that none who reads him will be inclined toward conceit. In fact, the seeds of courage, high idealism, sportsmanship, and loyalty are generously sown in all these books.

Tales for Older Boys

CALL TO ADVENTURE. Edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. New York: Greenberg. 1934. $2.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF COWBOYS. By Irving Crump. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1934. $2.

BATTLING THE ELEMENTS. By Bob Buck, in collaboration with Bob Nixon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. $1.75

Reviewed by JOSIAH TITZELL

HERE is a batch of books for older boys, some of them factual, others romantic. The first, "Call to Adventure," edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin, is a collection of true tales of adventure set down by the men who actually experienced them, authors who usually speak only to adults but whose names are not unfamiliar to boys and girls from ten to sixteen. Zane Grey, for instance, tells of sword-fishing; Alan Villiers (whose name is unfortunately given in the text as Allan) of rounding the Horn on the ill-fated trip of the *Grace Harwar;* Seymour Pond describes being virtually shanghaied at the age of fourteen; and Victor Shaw recounts a walrus hunt.

There are further chapters by Lowell Thomas, Frank M. Hawks, A. E. Dingle, Gordon MacCreagh, F. F. Van de Water, George E. Holt, Victor Weybright, and others. All of the anecdotes are interesting and many of them thrilling.

Irving Crump, who is already well known to boys for his many volumes which include a series of books on firemen, mounted police, forest rangers, newsreel hunters, etc., writes this year "The Boys' Book of Cowboys." It is detailed in its descriptions of the every-day, year-round life of the range riders—descriptions which attempt to convey the glamour not through the tempered life of the dude ranches, but in true pictures of round-ups, horse-hunting, work on the range, and efforts to snare marauding coyotes, panthers, wolves, and bears. Like Mr. Crump's other books this one is competently presented and reveals a thorough if not always first-hand knowledge of its subject.

Bob Buck, who is first president of the Sky Scouts of America and whose setting of junior aviation records has been continuous, follows his first book, "Burning Up The Sky," with accounts of flights south in "Battling the Elements." After a record-breaking flight to Mexico City his interest in a Mexican Mayan expedition coincided with his meeting up with Bob Nixon, a young artist. With backing for the trip they started off to discover, describe, and draw their findings. There was nothing very startling in the way of adventures or discoveries, and their activities and pastimes in Mexico were as superficial as those of most tourists, but Bob's enthusiasm will not be downed. The jacket promises a foreword by Dr. J. Alden Mason, Curator of the Museum at the University of Pennsylvania, but the book does not contain it.

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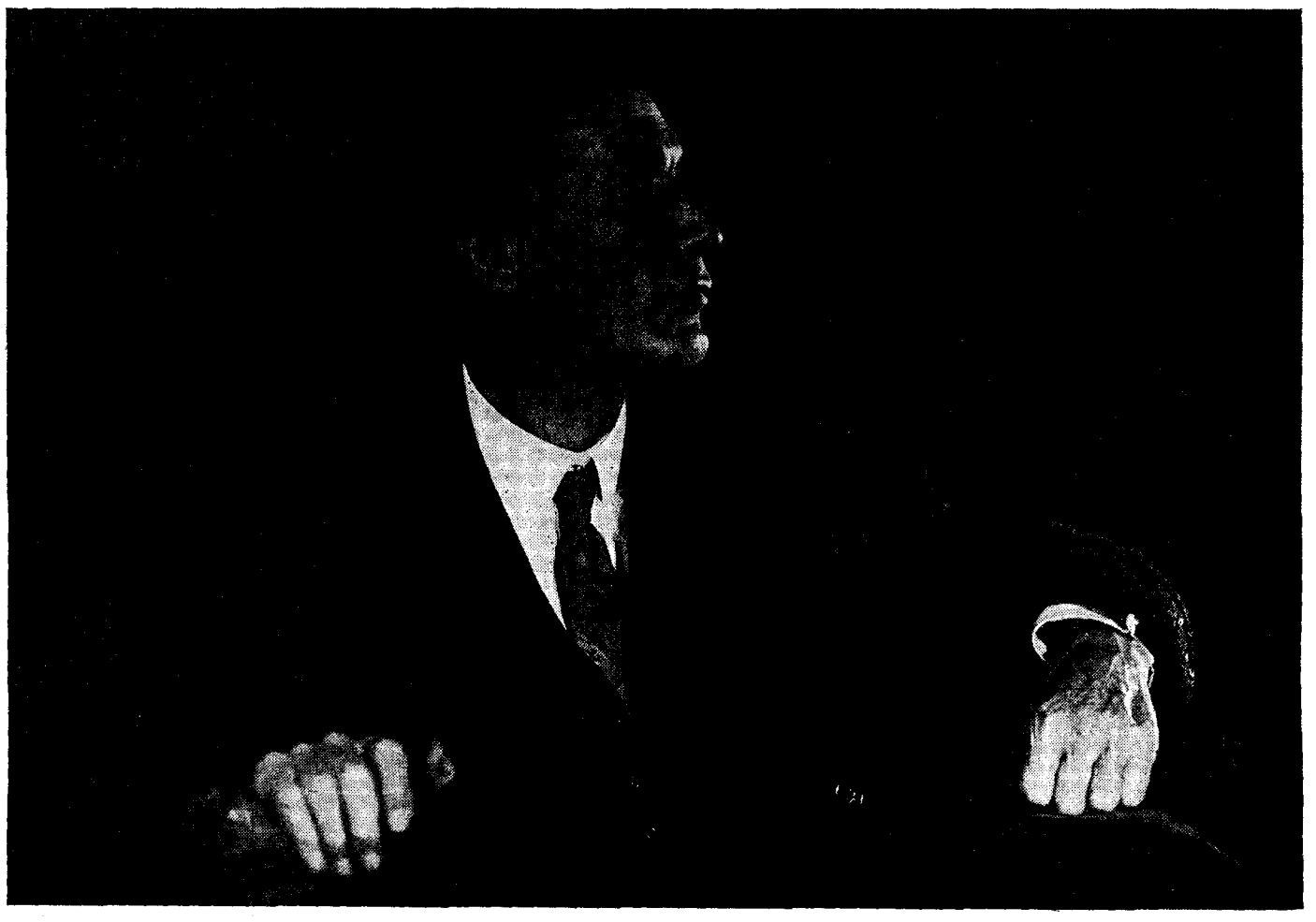

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I SHOULD like to congratulate *Scholastic, The National High School Weekly,* on its extremely intelligent recent "Armistice Day Number." *Maurice E. Robinson,* the editor, must be a remarkable man. The choices made from *Laurence Stallings, A. A. Milne,* and *Ernest L. Meyer,* all against war, were well selected, and I was glad to see the late *Wilfred Owen* honored in the poetry department. I am glad that our own editor, *Henry Seidel Canby,* is one of the Advisory Board of *Scholastic.* I think it can be an influence for great good among the young people of this country, and that Mr. Robinson is making it consistently a periodical for youth far superior to the average magazine for young people. It ought to be used every week in classes in every high school in the land. . . One of the pictorial charts in *Scholastic* that should be on every school bulletin board in the country, and which interested me exceedingly, is based on an authoritative report of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (Oxford University Press) called "Direct and Indirect Costs of the World War." Merely the monetary cost of the World War was four hundred *billion* dollars; and to drive home the idea of what that means, *Scholastic* notes what that amount of money would do for a world at peace. It is enough

(1.) to furnish every family in the British Isles, France, Belgium, Germany, the United States, and Canada with a $2,500 house on a $500 five acre lot furnished with $1,000 worth of furniture.

(2.) a $5,000,000 library for every community of 20,000 or more in these countries.

(3.) a $10,000,000 university for every such community.

(4.) another part set aside at 5% interest would yield enough to pay *for all time, every year,* $1,000 each to an army of 125,000 teachers, an army of 125,000 nurses

and there would still be enough left over to buy every single bit of property and all wealth in France and Belgium including every cathedral and church, all public buildings, every railroad, every factory, every farm and home! . . . Just think that over! *Money enough to do all those things* was spent in blowing whole populations to bits and devastating leagues of land. After that how can anybody use the old phrase "rational human being"? There ain't no such animal! . . . They've been having book fairs all over the place—Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, in various big bookstores. Lots of authors have been frantically autographing copies of their books. In a photograph I have seen, taken at Halle Brothers in Cleveland of a group of visiting authors, the bright and shining faces of my friends *Louis Untermeyer, Carl Van Doren,* and *Carl Carmer,* positively leap out at me from among those present. . . And in a photograph of the committee presenting the addition to the White House Library to President and Mrs. Roosevelt, I had a chance to contemplate how much larger physically my friend *Hervey Allen* is than my friend *Frederick Lewis Allen;* but Hervey in his material bulk has always borne a certain resemblance to an All-America guard or tackle. . . People complain that "Anthony Adverse" is so bulky, but it would have seemed to me awfully funny if the size of Hervey Allen had produced a novel only (in length) the size of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Hervey and *Thornton Wilder* are two authors who seem to me best to "go with" their own work. Their books seem to suit them and they seem to suit their books. This is rarely true of authors. . . . Stokes will now definitely publish *Norman Thomas's* new book, "Human Exploitation" on December fourth. . . *E. Phillips Oppenheim* has now written one hundred and thirty works of fiction, including three omnibus volumes. . . *Grant Richards's* memories of years spent mainly in publishing, 1897 to 1925, are being published by Coward-McCann under the title of "Author Hunting." They should be interesting. I was but a youngster, comparatively, in the Century office when Mr. Richards arranged with *Frank H. Scott* of the Century Company for *Theodore Dreiser's* European trip which resulted in the book, "A Traveler at Forty." There is a most interesting account of Richards's friendship with Dreiser in "Author Hunting." . . . *Dame Sybil Thorndike,* the star of "The Distaff Side," and her brother Russell, as children, used to play in the self-same sand-pit at Rochester in which *"E. Nesbit"* located the Psammead. Dame Sybil's mother was "E. Nesbit's" friend for twenty years. *Earle Walbridge* of the Harvard Club Library tells me this. Dame Sybil wrote to Walbridge in regard to "E. Nesbit":

> She was a great woman. I feel so happy that you associated me with her. My mother loved her dearly—and I can see the bed very distinctly that she gave her so that she could better see the marsh and the hills behind those superb sunsets that all us marsh people love so.

Trade Winds

Split second exposure: Striking with the swiftness of a cobra jab, local bookshops swung into dynamic action and presented to New York lads and lassies a colossal collection of snappy tomes in celebration of Children's Book Week, Nov. 11 to 18th. An encouraging pay-off marked the early days of Book Week and with the price code in rigid effect bookshops are looking forward to a brand of business that will easily pay the rent and keep the shops in steam heat during the Winter months.

From the colorful picture book counters of Woolworth's to the more meaty juveniles of The Children's Bookshop, 18 W. 57th, the kiddies are in for a mess of fun and education. The latter shop is a swanky second story layout strictly devoted to books for the youngsters. It is jammed with books guaranteed to hold the alert attention of the one-year-olds to the sweet-sixteen stages. The ladies, Pauline Sutorius Aird and Marian Cutter, trained children's librarians, own and run the shop. They are loaded with plenty of what it takes to stimulate the recreational and educational reading habits of the tots. In addition to maintaining a complete juvenile rental department the ladies have for years organized their own Junior Book Club. One of their distinguished young customers is little Gloria Vanderbilt, who simply had to have Kate Greenaway's charmingly illustrated *Birthday Book.* November marks The Children's Bookshop's 15th Anniversary.

Another bookshop that majors in juveniles is Young Books, Inc., 714 Madison Ave., where Mesdames Kimball and Payson hold forth. Children's Book Week found them with a large, fresh stock of the old-timers and current juveniles. Young's juvenile rental library is a high spot of the outfit and like The Children's Bookshop they also have their own Junior Book Club. The Book Club is divided into three divisions—pre-school age, seven to ten, and eleven to fourteen. Among the new editions and titles, *A Frontier Girl of Chesapeake Bay* by Alice Turner Curtis; *Pogo—The Circus Horse* by Josef Berger, *Collected Dog Stories* by Rudyard Kipling, and *Pitcairn's Island* by Nordhoff and Hall are peddling at a nifty clip. The vastly popular *Mickey Mouse* and *Three Little Pigs* volumes don't seem to ring the bell among the juvenile bookshops as lustily as they do among the department store trade. The old time favorites are still the dependable dough makers for the book shops. *Little Women, Robinson Crusoe, Treasure Island,* and scores of others hit high figures on the sales graph.

Macy's vast book department devotes three sections to juvenile books. One counter for the one- to seven-year-olds, one to the eight- to sixteen-year-kids, and the other counter is loaded with picture books of animals, trains, houses, children, and the like. The popular tome that the one-year-olds go for is a heavy linen animal book that will withstand jam smudges and cod liver oil.

The juvenile sections of Scribners, Brentano's, and Putnams are all decked in a blanket of Children's Book Week spirit. Large space, more counters, and greater stock marked this year's celebration. But what rather puzzles your exposurist is this: Why do the three above mentioned shops tuck away their children's book section under stairs? However, the kids have found their way to the books and they're making their paters and maters dig deep and often. L. G.

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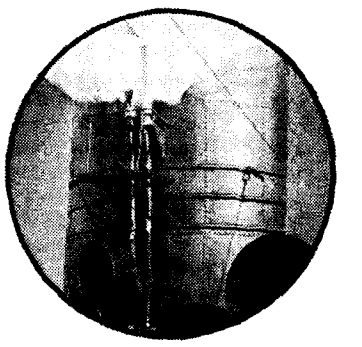

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Double-Crostics: Number 34

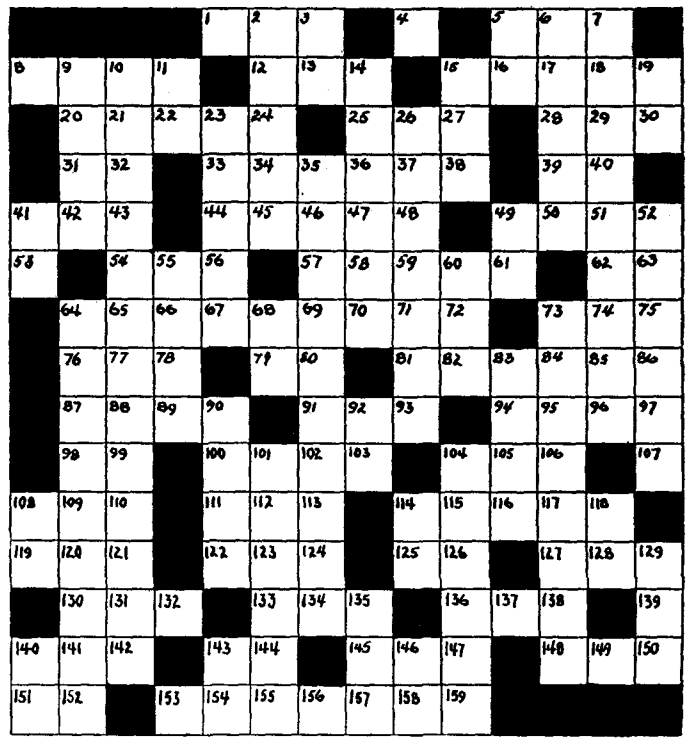
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-nine words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 67-18-5-156-86-118. Protector, guide, or companion.	_ _ _ _ _ _
II. 61-96-10-65. Biblical for protoplasm.	_ _ _ _
III. 7-62-139-73-124. Stylish-looking, chic (slang).	_ _ _ _ _
IV. 112-21-130-136-74-32. Indifference, lack of enthusiasm.	_ _ _ _ _ _
V. 64-81-6-57. Irish novelist and playwright.	_ _ _ _
VI. 24-95-151-1. Asiatic secret society.	_ _ _ _
VII. 52-4-66-36-117-133. A poet who suffered from seasickness.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 150-90-159-17-28-138-147. Smoked injuriously.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 40-53-128-30-146-38-77. Home state of number XII, below.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 111-84-140-33-144. To make sport of, banter.	_ _ _ _ _
XI. 45-158-2. Sir Willoughby Patterne's was famous.	_ _ _
XII. 26-89-12-91-43. A Fenimore Cooper character.	_ _ _ _ _
XIII. 41-121-87-11-106-59. To tie with a rope or chain.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 31-58-135-153-108. Short quotation heading a chapter.	_ _ _ _ _
XV. 101-50-125-122. A carnivorous bird found in warm regions.	_ _ _ _
XVI. 116-9-102-83-29-15-37. Trunks and suitcases.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 97-34-145-55-104. Fastest known traveler.	_ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 20-19-103. Common wooded plant of genus Fraxinus.	_ _ _
XIX. 78-46-23-72. Famous in English detective stories.	_ _ _ _
XX. 47-109-127-70. A celebrated daughter-in-law.	_ _ _ _
XXI. 56-79-114-92-155-82-131-71-27. Kept sacred.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXII. 113-157-119-63-42-14-110-60. Enclosure for a kernel.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 25-115-13-98-132. A plant parasite.	_ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 99-120-51-107-137-129-126-75. Famous falls in Idaho.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXV. 141-100-143-123-85-3. Stifled, clogged or congested.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXVI. 142-94-68-88-152-16. An Old Testament heroine.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXVII. 35-49-8-149-48-154-22. A petroleum product.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXVIII. 69-44-80-148-134. Preferred, picked out.	_ _ _ _ _
XXIX. 93-54-105-39-76. Character or sentiment of a people.	_ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 33)

A. C. BENSON—"FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW"

I have a theory that one ought to grow older in a tranquil and appropriate way . . . One ought not to be dragged protesting from the scene, catching desperately at every doorway and balustrade; one should walk off smiling.

PERSONALS

DOCTOR KUBIE'S study of "Sanctuary" is masterly; yet I think he underestimates, somewhat, Popeye's ability to study character. Take that scene at the brook where Popeye surprises Benbow, and says: "Find it purty hot, son?" frightening poor Benbow nearly out of his wits. Contemptible and cheap as Popeye was, he recognized one lower than himself, and called him "Professor." George Frisbee.

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TO HEEL, Apollo forty or more, less devoted to sports than other things including California. Daphne, Box 82-A.

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PERSONALS

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SYLVAN or Rural cottage within four hours drive from New York wanted to rent one week in January by young couple. Adequate plumbing and heating facilities necessary. Box 86-A.

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PERSONALS

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